

# THE EXPOSITORY TIMES.

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## Notes of Recent Exposition.

ANY years ago a book was published with the title of *Letters of a Mystic*. It fell into the hands of one here and one there—we do not know how many—and became to them as a second *Imitatio*. The author was found to be the Rev. R. W. CORBET, M.A.

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Where has Mr. CORBET been since then? What has he been doing? There are no other books. There is no record of any other activity. The answer will be that he is a mystic, and mysticism means meditation, not activity, and takes time. Now he comes again, and he comes with a book which may be to a new generation such a companion on the upward way as his first book was to those who discovered it.

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The title is *The Message of the Gospel to the Twentieth Century* (Elliot Stock; 3s. 6d. net). It is commonplace enough. But it has a meaning. Mr. CORBET believes that there are two interpretations of the Gospel. We have been content with the lower interpretation until now. Now, in this twentieth century, we must attain to the higher. He writes the book with the express purpose of leading us to that higher interpretation.

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Hitherto we have been dependent on creed and symbol: now we shall enter into fellowship with the indwelling Lord and Giver of Life. 'Experi-

ence teaches that there are two distinct stages in Christian discipleship called by the Apostles—Babehood and Adulthood in Christ: in the former we are under the teaching of the letter of ecclesiastical tradition, in the latter we are each one immediately guided by the inspirations of the spirit of our divine sonship. In other words, as "babes in Christ" we are under the tutorship of the Gospel expressed outwardly in symbols; as "adults in Christ" we enter into fellowship with Him who *is* the Gospel, and in heart and mind apprehend the inspirations He imparts, through obedience to their instructions.'

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This inward and immediate apprehension of truth can be secured only by acceptance of the revelation and the grace which came to the world through Jesus Christ. For Mr. CORBET is a Christian mystic, and plainly acknowledges no other form of mysticism. All else is preparatory or disciplinary to that revelation. 'All outward law whether in the concentrated form of the Mosaic words, or in the distributed form of natural experience, stands as an outward pedagogue or tutor to lead us on through preparatory discipline to the one and only Lord, who by His indwelling Presence builds up in every man the sonly character that belongs to his being and is heir of its destiny.'

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In this experience there are two stages. The

first stage is reached when we become conscious of the *solidarity of Humanity*. To reach it each of us has to die to or disown his psychophysical and isolated personality. For this ethical or personal death is necessary in order that we may rise into consciousness of a Christ-life that is in fellowship with our fellow-men.

The second stage is the recovery of our individual personality. This personality, however, is not our old psychological and solitary personality. It is a new spiritual personality, due to the indwelling of the Holy Spirit, who, as the Lord and Giver of all life, enables each of us to *specialize* in the Spirit, ensuring for us that particular opportunity for service which is our peculiar destination, and enabling us to make full proof of our ministry. This is that gift of the white stone with a name engraved on it which no man knows but he that receives it.

'I will conclude my letter'—for this book also is written in the form of letters—'I will conclude my letter with a brief statement of what I feel we have come to see are the fundamental distinctions of the *natural* or psychophysical apprehension and of the *spiritual* apprehension of the Gospel: in other words, of the immature ecclesiastical apprehension and the mature apostolic. In the former we find a metaphysical philosophy based on *dualism*—an interpretation of miracle and sacrament which is *mechanistic*, and a conception of God which is *tritheistic* as expressed in the structure of its symbols of faith; while, on the other hand, in the latter we come across a monistic philosophy—an *ethical* interpretation of miracle and sacrament—and a conception of God that is *One* discerned by man in three modes of relationship and verified in personal experience by an ever-renewed fellowship in Light, Love, and Power with Him, who is the Source, Essence, and indwelling Energy of our being as Children of God. The transition from the natural order of Consciousness to the spiritual lies in and through persistent faith in the faithfulness of the Creator to His dependent Creatures

and in the Record of His faithfulness disclosed to us in the Person and Work of the Incarnate Lord of all.'

Mr. Edmond HOLMES has written a book and called it *The Secret of Happiness* (Constable, 12s. 6d. net). Is there not something odd, almost offensive, in the title? We have now for a long time been preaching against the pursuit of happiness. We have compared it with blessedness, as the earthly with the heavenly. We have contrasted it with joy, as a mere accident of life with an abiding, even an eternal, inheritance. And here is this author writing as if after all happiness were the last accomplishment of noble minds.

Mr. HOLMES is an agnostic. Perhaps that is the explanation. There is no doubt that he is an agnostic. He says, 'God is the Unknowable.' And though he spells both words with capitals, he means all that he says. For he adds, 'God is the Unknowable in the sense that with regard to him every affirmation is a denial, every belief an infidelity, every dogma a blasphemy, every formula an outrage on truth.'

Being an agnostic, may he not be incapable of appreciating the difference between happiness and blessedness? We have just settled comfortably into that contentment when we come upon this passage: 'At the root of all religion lies the idea that self-sacrifice, leading first to self-loss and then to self-realization, is the supreme law of man's higher life. In feeling its way to this idea, religion has divined one of Nature's deepest secrets and discovered one of her paramount laws. For not only is it true that beyond a certain stage in man's development self-sacrifice is the form which growth necessarily takes, but it may even be said that something akin to self-sacrifice—the giving up of the actual in favour of the ideal—is at the heart of all growth. The highest motive to self-sacrifice, and the only genuine motive, is love—love of a person, love of a community, love of a cause, love of an ideal, love of Nature, love of Man, love of



God. The instrument of self-sacrifice is will. The energy of love sets in motion and sustains the energy of will. As religion purifies itself and widens its outlook, the idea of self-sacrifice ascends from man, the worshipper, towards God, the object of his worship, that it may re-descend—with a larger scope and a purer purpose—into the life of man. If man has indeed been made in the image of God, and if the capacity for self-sacrifice is the highest attribute of man, then self-sacrifice—the going out of self in order to find new life—must be of the essence of God. This idea is, I need hardly say, central in Christianity—central both in the teaching and in the life of Christ. His sublime saying, "Whosoever shall seek to save his life shall lose it: but whosoever shall lose his life shall preserve it," dominates all his other maxims. And his own sublime self-sacrifice is his true title-deed to Divinity.'

There is appreciation enough in that passage, and it is appreciation of the right thing. Clearly, whatever reason Mr. HOLMES has for setting out to seek the secret of true life and calling it happiness, it is not that he does not know a virtue when he sees it. He who can write in that way of sacrifice is not the man to rest content with a low aim and its easy attainment.

We are at any rate encouraged to follow him a little further. If we follow him to the end this is what we find: 'Spiritual well-being is the summit and perfection of all well-being. The consummation of spiritual well-being is therefore the summit and perfection of happiness. The man who has found his true self in oneness with God has grown to the fulness of his ideal stature. He has carried the process of growing to the last term of its ascending series, and has therefore won the prize of supreme happiness, the prize which he set out to win.'

So this agnostic finds happiness at last to be only another name for oneness with God. And he finds more than that. For no sooner has he

come to the conclusion that happiness is oneness with God than he discovers that the whole search for happiness has been a selfish search. And just when he has found his happiness he casts it remorselessly away.

The search for happiness, he says, has been carried so far that it has at last transcended itself. When a man has lost himself in love of God (that is the phrase he uses now for the oneness with God which he used before), when a man has lost himself in love of God the ideas of well-being and happiness retire of their own accord into the background.

He tells this story. 'More than forty years ago, when Moody and Sankey, the American evangelists, came to this country, a friend of mine who had come under their influence was in great trouble about his soul. He feared lest he should be "lost," and wondered how he was to be "saved." When he had confided his trouble to me, I tried to console him by saying: "What does it matter whether you or I are lost so long as it is well with God?" There our dialogue ended. My protest fell on deaf ears. I cannot tell how I came to utter it. I had no theory of things in those days which countenanced, or came anyway near to countenancing, the complete self-effacement that I advocated. I had never heard of Brother Lawrence, the Carmelite Monk of the seventeenth century, who liberated his soul from the haunting fear of being damned, by saying to himself: "Whatever becomes of me, *whether I be lost or saved*, I will always continue to act purely for the love of God." I can only suppose that my words surged up of their own accord from some occult depth of my subconscious self. But I think there was a deep truth at the heart of them.'

Is there any contribution to the difficult subject of Inspiration here? It is found in Mr. Charles GARDNER's new book—his new book on *William Blake, the Man* (Dent; 10s. 6d. net). Mr.



GARDNER is the interpreter of Blake to some of those who have come within the sweep of that portent's peculiar power and charm. For he has already published *Vision and Vesture*. The new book is to be taken before rather than after *Vision and Vesture*. It is more occupied with Blake himself. And we must understand Blake himself if we are even to come near an understanding of his work.

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Now Blake's work—but no, it is Inspiration we are to speak about.

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There are two questions. The first question is: Do we find inspiration outside the Bible? Mr. GARDNER has no hesitation in saying that we do. Then the second question is: How does the inspiration in the Bible differ from the inspiration out of it? That is what Mr. GARDNER has to tell us.

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He says: 'We speak of the true poet like Shakespeare, the true mystic like Blake, the true saint like Catherine of Siena, and the true Book like the Bible as all being inspired, yet in each case the inspiration is of a different order. The common element which justifies the one word is originality. Shakespeare's inspiration depends on the great Memory, on his own complex nature, and his consuming spirit of observation; but at the moment of his inspiration, all these things seem in abeyance, and the words well up as if a spirit not himself had given them to him. His originality consists in the unique impression that his rich understanding gives of the elements supplied by the Past and Present, but not in the creation of a new element. The same may be said of Dante, Milton, Shelley.'

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There is a phrase here which needs explanation. What does Mr. GARDNER mean by 'the great Memory'?

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Start with the recollection that in Greek literature the Muses are the daughters of Memory. For

memory is the record of experience, and what is sung or painted is simply the present memory of past experience put into some artistic fashioning. Now Blake did not believe that. He held that the art which rested on memory was an art without inspiration. It is not the memory, he said, it is imagination that is the parent of true art, and imagination may be independent of experience.

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But Blake did not despise memory. On the contrary, he gave it an honourable place in that spiritual city which he described in the astonishing poem called 'Jerusalem.' He gave it an honourable place and an honourable title. 'The Halls of Los,' he called it. And it is Yeats who has thereupon spoken of 'the great Memory.'

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Return now to Shakespeare. 'Shakespeare's inspiration depends on the great Memory, on his own complex nature, and his consuming spirit of observation; but at the moment of his inspiration, all these things seem in abeyance, and the words well up as if a spirit not himself had given them to him.' How does the inspiration of the Bible differ from that? 'The inspiration of the Bible contains all these elements, which constitute its purely human side, but there is something else which has given it its supreme power in all ages. The writers of the Bible remember and observe and think, but they also utter themselves as they are moved by the Holy Ghost. It is this last mysterious happening that inspires the creative element. The inspired poet has aided his observation and experience by drawing on the great Memory, the inspired Bible has added to the great Memory something that was not in it before.'

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The inspiration of the Bible, then, is unique. That is Mr. GARDNER's word. But Mr. GARDNER holds that the inspiration of William Blake, though it fell short of the unique inspiration of the Bible, was different in kind from, and higher in quality than, the inspiration of Shakespeare.

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Shakespeare's inspiration depends on the great



memory, his own complex nature, and his consuming spirit of observation. Blake's inspiration came direct from above. So he himself claimed; and Mr. GARDNER (most discreet of interpreters) was willing to admit the claim. But it did not come from the Highest of all. It did not come from the Holy Ghost. It came from certain spiritual guides, whose dwelling was above nature—say, in those 'heavenly places' to which St. Paul introduced the Ephesians—but who did not sit at the right hand of the Majesty on high.

The discovery of a manuscript is like the discovery of a star. It is made by the man who is in the outlook for it. Dr. Rendel HARRIS deserves the honour which we pay to Sir William Herschel. He is as highly gifted, as severely trained, as scientific in his method, and as successful. His latest discovery is as useful to the world as the discovery of a distant star. He has discovered the Book of Testimonies.

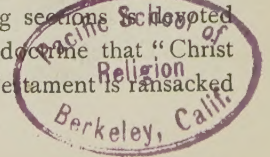
'Testimonies,' or, to give them their full title, 'Testimonies against the Jews,' are the first of all New Testament writings. They are older than the Gospels, older than the Pauline Epistles. By some strange providence, which we in our ignorance call accident, not one of them was included in the Canon of the New Testament, although many Testimonies, or many copies of one original testimony, were at one time in existence. The result is that they were lost sight of by the Church. A scholar here and there knew them and quoted them, down to the invention of printing. But for many centuries now their very existence has been forgotten. Dr. Rendel HARRIS believes that he has discovered one of them in a manuscript on Mount Athos. He tells the story in a book with the unexpected title of *The Origin of the Doctrine of the Trinity* (Longmans; 2s. 6d. net).

The Testimonies were books of extracts from the Old Testament. These extracts were made for the purpose of convincing the Jews of the

truth of Christianity. So long as Christianity was making its way among the Jews it accepted the whole of the inspired Jewish Scriptures, but interpreted them in the light of the new revelation in Christ. It did not appeal to the light of nature, or to the teachings of philosophy. It quoted what Moses says in the Law, or David in the Psalms; it referred to the well-known words of one or other of the prophets. And it did all this for the purpose of convincing the Jews 'that this Jesus is the Christ.' The 'Testimonies against the Jews,' or, as an alternative title appears to have been, the 'Extracts against the Jews,' were the earliest Christian apologetic.

There are traces of the Testimonies in the New Testament itself. 'A comparison of the second chapter of the 1st Epistle of Peter with the ninth chapter of the Epistle to the Romans will show a common argument underlying the two writers. Both of them affirm that Christ is the Stone spoken of by the prophets. Each of them illustrates the statement from Isaiah xxviii. 16 and Isaiah viii. 14. These passages are taken to show that Christ is the Foundation Stone laid in Zion, and at the same time the Stone at which the Jews, those unwise builders, have stumbled. So striking is the coincidence here, in the treatment of the subject, between St. Paul and St. Peter, that it has been taken as a final proof of the dependence of Peter upon Paul, and as a conclusive argument for the reconciliation of the two great early Christian teachers.'

'But we find similar arguments in early Patristic literature in writers who are not dependent upon the Epistle to the Romans; and we also find the fundamental position that "Christ is the Stone," sometimes in the form that "Christ is the Stone and the Rock," in the early collections of Testimonies which are extant. For instance, in the collection of Testimonies made by Cyprian against the Jews, one of the leading sections devoted to the establishment of the doctrine that "Christ is the Stone," and the Old Testament is ransacked





for possible illustrations of the Christ-Stone or Christ-Rock. It is therefore reasonable to affirm that it was from such a collection that Peter and Paul took their doctrine and the quotations in proof of it, and not that either of them was borrowing from the other.'

The existence of such a collection of extracts from the Old Testament helps us to understand certain mistaken references to the Prophets which are made in the New Testament, and which have caused much perplexity to its interpreters. 'For example, in the opening of the Gospel of Mark, where the mission of John the Baptist is described, we are told in the oldest copies that it is written *in Isaiah* that the Lord will send His messenger before His face, and that there is the voice of one crying in the wilderness. Strictly speaking, it is only the second of these quotations that belongs

to Isaiah, the first of them should have been referred to Malachi. Consequently, later transcribers have judiciously altered the words, "In Isaiah the prophet," to "In the prophets."

In Mt 27<sup>9</sup> the prediction about Judas and the thirty pieces of silver is referred to Jeremiah. It is really a composite quotation, made up out of Zechariah and Jeremiah, and it would have been better, if a single reference was made, to refer it to Zechariah. Dr. Rendel HARRIS believes that Matthew took the quotation out of his Book of Testimonies. Thus a mistake, which has caused much searching of heart and not a little dishonest exegesis, is accounted for. 'It is easy to see that such mistakes in reference were almost inevitable in the use of the primitive Bible text-book, especially if the authorities were marked in the margin instead of in the text.'

## The Christian Community.

BY THE REVEREND JOHN A. HUTTON, D.D., GLASGOW.

THERE is one thing about which the New Testament is decisive and incontrovertible—that Jesus founded a Church. And there is one thing to which the later books of the New Testament bear an equally decisive and incontrovertible testimony; it is that even by the time the canon was closed, there was, here in this world, an organic, self-reliant, sufficiently unanimous body which called itself the Church, which had the presumption, or, as we should say, which had the faith to believe that it held within itself the secret for the safeguarding and salvation of the human race.

Look at those two things in turn. There is one thing which so pervades the Gospels once one's eyes are open to look for traces of it,—it is the fact that Jesus took especial pains to gather round about Him a group of people. Accepting the narratives as they stand, and not trying to go beyond what is written, we cannot say on what principle our Lord selected those who formed the nucleus of the Church. Indeed, it would almost seem as though the selection had been made with the

very purpose of confuting any qualifying test which later on we might erect so that it might become a barrier to those who happened not to be able to answer that test.

You would not call them able men. You would not call them men of great insight; nor were they men of a natural steadfastness who could be trusted to stand fast in trying times. They were not all of one pattern. They were not men who showed any natural control of their own temperaments. They could be passionate upon occasion; they could be vain; they could be petty; they could be stupid. And yet, once more, the fact is that our Lord chose these men and on them He risked the future of His cause. He bore with their misunderstandings, with their unsteadfastness. He did not dismiss them from His side even when, as He foresaw, they would leave Him at the last pinch. No; He seemed to be interested upon one thing only with regard to them, and that, as the narrative says, that they should be 'with him.' He never doubted that if they were



th Him during the length of time which God His inscrutable counsel had appointed Him, ereafter though they might separate themselves from Him in an access of animal terror, the old eyes would gain upon them and they would come back to Him no longer dead, and would love Him forever in God.

We turn to the other fact, which is the dominating fact of the later books of the New Testament: that even before the close of the canon, let us say, roughly speaking, about the year 100, there is already here in this world a Society, explain its origin and its intention as you will, which can use language and forecast a policy such as can only be justified by believing that that Society held itself to be founded and organized by God, and that it would survive the crises of history and the wear and tear of time.

There is a very precious counsel in Holy Scripture, that in times of misgiving it is wise to go back and consider the beginnings of things. I am thinking of the words, 'Let us hold fast the beginning of our confidence steadfast unto the end.' That counsel, I take it, is just this: in a time of misgiving, misgiving as to the future and prospect of any institution such as the Church, it is a reassuring thing to consider how the Church first came into being. For the reasons and causes which led a thing to come into being are the reasons and causes which shall sustain the thing in being. 'If there ever was one good man,' says Emerson, 'there will be another and there will be many.' If the Church arose, the Church will rise, and for the same reason.

I am never so depressed about the future of the Church as when I hear suggestions made for its greater future, suggestions which are not to be found in the New Testament. I see no future for the Church on any grounds other than the deepest grounds. It is only when I think of the Church as a tragic and human necessity, sustained by God for the relief and safeguarding of man's essential life, as a great gift to save us from the various mispairs to which life in the long run reduces man, that it is only then that I have no fear.

There are three things that our Lord said about the Church; and when we read the later books of the New Testament we can see that the Church conceived itself as the trustee of Christ's very

commission. The three things you will find in three well-known sayings of Jesus in which, to take the Gospel narrative as it stands, He confided to His disciples what their function in this world should be. We can hardly imagine that the early disciples understood at the moment what the words of Jesus implied; for later we find them guilty of a deplorably low ambition. But in that very circumstance there is another illustration of the value of saying great things whether people understand them or not. Perhaps people understand more than they understand; and the fact is that those early disciples later on recalled those great things which when they first heard them went beyond them.

'Ye are the salt of the earth,' said Jesus. That is to say, 'Ye are that element in life without which this whole human business will rot and go to pieces.'

Second, 'Ye are the light of the world.' 'Ye are,' that is to say, 'that element, that core of pulsating reality which, if you will not of your own wretched timidities restrain it, will radiate and urge man so that he shall go on, living to the height of his powers, and shall blame himself for every failure.'

And again, Jesus said, 'Whatsoever ye bind on earth shall be bound in heaven, and whatsoever ye loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven.' 'Ye are,' that is to say, 'that living body whose very function it is to form the moral taste of the world, to create and to sustain within man a supernatural conscience. What you condemn, God will condemn even in the view of outsiders; and what you permit, God will ratify.'

Now the only ground on which we could set aside sayings of this kind would be, were we in a position to say that this whole idea of the Church assumes a certain helplessness in human nature by itself, or a certain wrong-headedness or even viciousness. Quite so! That precisely is what the New Testament does assume. Ten years ago, in the height of our colossal pride and ignorance, a man in my place, I myself an example, might have held some genial theory of human nature—that man was naturally good, and that what he wanted was to be free from the restrictions of external authority. I do not suppose we have many defenders in these days of that modernism which seems in the lurid light of the last five years so antiquated and preposterous, that man is a



quiet creature, safe, amenable, docile. Surely, if the aspect of things during the last five years and at this moment means anything, it means that there is something in man wild and savage, until it is controlled or cast out. 'Is not man naturally good?' James Boswell—a Scotchman too—said to Samuel Johnson—an Englishman forsooth; to which Johnson replied, 'No, sir; no more than a wolf!'

*There* is the paradox of Christianity, wolves that we are, 'Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called sons of God!' And the whole Christian business is—ways and means.

Personally, I see no hope of a revival until men make these things quite plain to themselves. I have not much faith in a loyalty to the Church, to the whole conception of the Church, which rests on side issues. Nothing in the long run survives except what is necessary; and nothing is loved with a passion that confronts death quietly, except something which is felt to be necessary and essential.

I have been staying for the last few weeks in Benderloch, on the north side of Loch Etive. The rock formation of that countryside is for the most part conglomerate. Approaching the little village, the road twines round the foot of an immense rock, Dunvullanree, which stands sheer and precipitous, and under the shadow of it one walks. Standing there one can see how that great boulder was created. It is typical conglomerate. Gravel, small boulders, large boulders, all obviously at one time rounded and separate, are held together in an indissoluble mass, so that that beetling face has withstood unworn the onset of Atlantic gales for thousands upon thousands of years. What brought that mass of isolated things together, and what held them together? Well, I know little of geology or of the formation of rocks, but I know this much: that what must have brought these boulders together and made of them one solid mass, was the effect of two events. First, there was obviously some great heat, some great warmth that melted what could be melted, and the molten element gathered round them all so that for a time it was one fluid mass. Then suddenly a great sea fell cold and hard upon that molten mass and congealed it into one compact thing; and there it stands.

The Church of Christ was formed and stands by the operation of two great movements; and the Church of Christ will continue to stand, and those who belong to her will be radiant in their confidence face to face with an ambiguous and disheartening world just so long as they perceive that the Church rests upon the same two movements, two movements which form the warp and the woof of the web of life. The Church was brought together and stands together by the force, first, of a great love, and, second, of a great terror. The warm love to Christ for what He was, for what we think we see in Him, that on the one hand; and, on the other hand, the terror of deep darkness, the awful sense of what a thing life is if Christ be not for us men the final truth.

It seems to me, looking back across history, and attending to the movements of my own spirit, in which, after all, history repeats itself—repeats in tiny wavelets in my own spirit what in large billows of the sea it manifests on the wide scale of history,—it seems to me that the whole art of life, the whole art of living believingly and joyfully, the whole art of recovering our confidence in the Church of Christ in this world, is the knowing where to put the accent between these two great movements. Not, indeed, that we can separate them for even a moment in our thought. And yet, there are times when one rather than the other is the thing we ought to emphasize. There are times when it encourages us and gives us a perfect confidence in the future to make clear to ourselves our reasons for gratitude to Christ, for what He is, and for what we find in Him. For what a place of love, of kindness, of tenderness, the Church of Christ with all her shortcomings is! Where else in this hard world are the poignant sorrows of the human heart honoured with such reverence and understanding, or credited with such significance, or comforted with such an interpretation! But there are other times when it helps us to appreciate all that with a sudden transport—as, for example, when we invite ourselves to reflect for a moment on what a ghastly and forlorn thing this life of ours would be, on what a ghastly and forlorn thing this life of ours indeed is, were the Church and all that it stands for conceivably eliminated or withdrawn.

We mortals cross this ocean of a world  
Each in the average cabin of a life.



It is a fine thing far out at sea to sit together with some kindred spirits in some sheltered place, the lights on, the windows sealed, the doors fast closed, with all the illusions of perfect security. But it is not a bad thing for the human spirit, because it cleanses our souls of all the cloud of custom and insensitiveness; it is not a bad thing, say, to leave that well-lit place of seeming

security, and to go out on the deck alone, and to look over the side of our ship rushing through the dark waters.

Perhaps we are on the edge of a kind of shudder at things, which will only quiet itself again in the heart of the Christian community, on the breast of our Risen Lord. Even so, come Lord Jesus.

## Literature.

### A NEW COMMENTARY.

THE publication of a complete scholarly commentary on the Bible in a single volume is an event of the first importance. Its conception and its production are due to Professor A. S. Peake, though he has been assisted in editing the New Testament part by Principal A. J. Grieve. The title chosen for the binding is 'Peake's Commentary on the Bible,' but the title-page is *A Commentary on the Bible*, edited by Arthur S. Peake, M.A., D.D., Wyndlands Professor of Biblical Exegesis in the University of Manchester; Professor in Hartley College, Manchester; sometime Fellow of Merton College, Oxford: with the assistance for the New Testament of A. J. Grieve, M.A., D.D., Principal of the Congregational Hall, Edinburgh (T. C. & A. C. Jack; 10s. 6d. net).

The first step in such an undertaking is to recognize the need for it. Now the need for a new commentary is always present. For to every generation the Bible has to be interpreted anew. Here it is with its eternal appeal: its appeal has to be made effective by the commentator at every step in the march of time. In our day-interpretation is the most urgent of all our mental necessities. A new commentary every ten years is the ideal. A new commentary now is indispensable.

The next step is to work out such a scheme as will meet the need. Professor Peake, realizing that there was something both in the word and phrase commentary and in the paragraph commentary (usually called 'exposition') determined to combine the benefits of both. The text of the Bible is treated in paragraphs or passages; each passage has its meaning interpreted as a whole: and then within the paragraph the words and

phrases are explained separately. The editor further resolved to furnish introductions to all the great divisions of the Bible—the Pentateuch, the Historical Books, the Wisdom Literature, and the rest—and to all the great aspects of the Bible as a whole—its Meaning, its Literature, its Land, its Canon and Text, and so forth.

The third step was to find the authors. And in this also the editor was highly successful. But it is just as important to find the right author for the right article or book as to find a good author. To offer an Old Testament scholar a New Testament topic in these days of specialization would have been as fatal as foolish. Professor Canney is no authority on the Fourth Gospel, nor would Dr. A. E. Brooke have been at home in Amos. There are no doubt men who have been driven to the study of the whole Bible indiscriminately, and a few of them have mastered every part of it well enough to be able to write unexceptionable articles or expositions; but they stand between us and that final authority on whom we rely. Dr. James Moffatt was the man for the Development of the New Testament Literature; Dr. William T. Davison for Hebrew Wisdom.

Finally, everything had to be laid hold of by the editor—proportion, fulness, accuracy, printing, publication. And it is all accomplished in such a way that the ideal of a Commentary has been probably as nearly reached in our day as at any time in the history of the Bible.

### SOPHIA MATILDA PALMER.

Mr. Murray has published a Memoir of *Sophia Matilda Palmer, Comtesse de Franqueville, 1852–*



1915 (16s. net). The memoir has been written by her sister, Lady Laura Ridding.

Sophia was the third daughter of Roundell Palmer, first Earl of Selborne. Two daughters were older, of whom Laura married Dr. Ridding, Head Master of Winchester and afterwards Bishop of Southwell, and Mary married Earl Waldegrave. One daughter, Sarah (Freda), who married Mr. G. T. Biddulph, was younger. The only son, the present Earl of Selborne, was the youngest of the family.

They were all ordinary individuals, doing faithfully and fairly well that which it was their duty to do. Sophia was extraordinary. She never did what she was expected to do, but sometimes decidedly more and sometimes decidedly less. Her strong passions were often too strong for her. 'Not being liable to be shaken by sudden gusts of temper I could not understand my poor little sister's outbursts, and I used to witness them in petrified amazement. They were certainly odd exhibitions. She would fling herself down on the ground in paroxysms of passion, rolling over and over again, perhaps down a grassy terrace or into a flower-bed.'

But as the years passed her strong will, under God's grace, prevailed. She always did the unexpected, but it was now the unexpected more. 'Under God's grace'—most certainly. If ever a woman won by the grace of God it was she. She loved God passionately—there is no other word for it. And *in God* she passionately loved her friends—first her own family and household—she was never quite the same after the death of her nurse—then the labourers living around her home, and last of all, but passionately still, that French nobleman whom she married when she was over fifty years of age. Her husband was a widower with a family old enough to protest against the introduction of a second mother; he was a Roman also and all around him were Romans, she was an Anglican; but all opposition collapsed before the overwhelming force of her pure affection. When she died of cancer after some ten years' married life her step-children were her most inconsolable mourners.

All her life she was winning victories, first over herself, the hardest, then over others. How? By prayer, it seems. Writing to Lord Stanmore (Sir Arthur Gordon) she says, 'I think it is that I try (at least when I try) to use it, when I really pray,

pray, pray—that is, you understand, not ask only, but cling to our Lord, besiege (so to say) God our Father, trust absolutely, make acts of faith and hope, beseech the Holy Spirit—then all becomes possible, even relatively easy; all seems to happen by itself. I have felt situations and causes and individuals desperately difficult; and then often wondered why, for solutions came, and so simply, that I felt as expressed himself to me lately a discoverer, Monsieur Gaumont: "Depuis que j'ai fait l'expérience, que je suis arrivé, que j'ai trouvé, je ne comprends plus pourquoi j'ai passé, onze ans à la recherche. C'est simple comme lait!" Well when he said: "Je ne comprends plus, etc." I felt, "that is just how I feel about what is called the Supernatural"—all which happens in the Kingdom of Grace is stupendous; and yet, now it seems to me, while infinitely gracious and loving, just as natural as Mother's and Father's love; and as the sun and all that is lovely in the world.'

Of her outward appearance this: 'At Royat, says her sister, 'I had opportunities of seeing my sister from day to day, such as I had not had for a great many years. In appearance she had developed rather than altered, from the eager, impetuous girl of forty years before. She retained the same grace, the same elastic stately carriage, the same air of personal distinction. Her long illness of 1901, and after, had set its ravages upon her face, had left a hint of pain which occasionally betrayed itself, but it had not robbed her of her enchanting smile which showed in delightful flashes the lines of her strong white teeth, neither had it dimmed the alert searching glances of her eyes. Her hair was as thick as ever, and had taken a very becoming grey tint. Time and sympathy had carved upon her face those lines which make an austere setting for nose and mouth, but which are only seen upon the faces of the unselfish and the holy.'

She lived as the early disciples lived. It is no surprise that she had visions and dreamed dreams. 'One of her visions was so beautiful that I cannot refrain from relating it. It occurred at the time of the death of Mrs. Aubrey Moore in Oxford in the summer of 1900. Sophia was continually with her young daughters during their mother's last hours, and it was to her that they turned for support and sympathy when they were left orphans. Among the sad duties of which she relieved them



was that of selecting the spot for their mother's grave. She was very tired and overwrought by all she had gone through with her friends, and she did not reach the cemetery till late in the evening. She arranged about the grave and returned home. That night in her bed she had a dream or vision, she could not say which it was. She thought that he was present at the Marriage of Cana in Galilee, and that, when our Lord gave the order for the water-pots to be filled with water and carried round, she had helped to fill the pots and to pour the wine out afterwards. When every one was served she wanted a tiny portion for herself, but she found there was none left. She sank down in a corner crying with disappointment. Then our Lord came up to her and found her weeping, and he told her not to weep, saying: "My daughter! the water of your love has turned to wine." Then she woke.'

### PAPUA.

Papua—that is now the official name of British New Guinea. Mr. Wilfred N. Beaver's book, however, is called *Unexplored New Guinea* (Seeley; 5s. net). 'Mr. Beaver possessed great natural ability, and the experience he had gained in New Guinea in exploring expeditions and in dealing with natives, together with his studies of native customs, gave promise of still better work in the future. However, his patriotism and a desire to assist the cause of justice, peace, and humanity urged him to take part in the Great Adventure, and in so doing he paid the full price, the cost of which he had already counted, to the great sorrow of his relatives, friends, and comrades, to the impoverishment of the Papuan Service and to the loss of ethnology.'

That is the testimony of Dr. Haddon, who writes an Introduction to the book, and if you know any one who knows Papua and its explorers better than Dr. Haddon you might tell us.

The book is of quite exceptional interest and importance. To the casual reader of travellers' tales it provides abundant excitement. To the student of man, even to the most accomplished anthropologist, it offers information not elsewhere obtainable, for the Bush tribes of whom Mr. Beaver has so much to say have been very rarely visited and are as 'primitive' as any tribes on the face of the earth. Again, to the student of religion

there is not a little of first-hand knowledge. Last of all, to the Christian Missionary and to the enriching of missions there are facts in this book that call for careful consideration.

One reads even yet in an occasional provincial paper that the religion of the native is the best religion for the native, and the more unaffected by Christianity the better. Very well: 'Nearly all these tribes are frankly cannibal. The arms, legs, and the breasts of women are esteemed the best portions, but the whole body is eaten roasted with sago. There do not appear to be any restrictions as to the eating of human flesh, even women are permitted to partake of it. The bones, the Bina people told me, are not thrown away but kept, probably for some ritual purpose.'

Again: 'A Masingara man was reported dead, and it was stated that four Podari sorcerers and one Glulu man had brought about his death. From the evidence brought forward in court later it appeared that the Podari party came down to Glulu, a small village a few miles from Masingara, where they obtained their accomplice. He seems to have been a tool more than anything else. They then went on to the Masingara village of Bulau by night and found their victim sleeping in his house. Charms were made against him, he was lightly struck with a large piece of a vine, which when dry has all the appearance of a human bone and is stated to be very strong medicine, and a piece of real human bone was pointed at him. That there should be no doubt about the result the Glulu man hit him on the back of the head with an axe. The most extraordinary thing about the whole case was that the latter incident was only introduced as a most minor detail, quite an after thought in fact. Every one seemed to attach far more importance to the sorcery as the actual cause of death. Next day the corpse was buried, but it appeared that the sorcerers returned during the night and consumed some portions of it.'

### RACE AND NATIONALITY.

Great is the power of style. John Oakesmith, D.Lit., M.A., writes a book on *Race and Nationality* (Heinemann; 10s. 6d. net), a large book on a limited subject, and every person who cares to read books reads it with enjoyment. He possesses style.

A limited subject? No, it is limitless. It is in



its appeal that it is limited. For we have not yet realized that the League of Nations must have the mind of the nations behind it, and the mind of the nations must be educated. Two words have to be understood. The one is Honour, the other is Patriotism. They must both be snatched from the charlatan, whether military or political, and be taken for what they truly and finally represent. Dr. Oakesmith tells us what patriotism means.

Patriotism rests on nationality. What is nationality? What is it that makes a people a nation? That is the question to which this book is an answer. And first of all, it is not race. To prove that it is not race-heredity that gives a nation its sense of nationality, Dr. Oakesmith uses the first half of his book. What is it, then? It is environment. 'A nation arises when for a considerable time, allied by kin or not, people have been subjected to the same general environment. This identity of environment operates upon the natural capacity of the people so as to produce results in which they have a common interest.' A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind. A general tradition is formed, and gathers strength; other groups, from various causes, may be brought within the same sphere of interest; the nation grows and strengthens, and the process of traditional consolidation begins and continues in the manner described. The common environment, in co-operation with the common intellectual and moral capacity, creates a community of interest, and, in proportion to the strength of this common interest in the common tradition and the common achievement, the national life is vividly felt and strongly expressed.'

'It must, of course, be remembered that environment is not simply the forces operating directly upon a people in its habitat. It is the whole of the influences operating upon it from whatever source. Every foreign invasion of England, whether military, commercial, literary or artistic, every enlargement of its horizon by increased facilities of international communication, has changed the English environment, and has thus added to the forces operating to produce national character.'

'The writer ventures to believe that the principle of organic community of interest, handed down, expanded, modified by progressive changes of environment, furnishes both a reasonable explanation of their existence and a legitimate ground

for maintaining them. Patriotism is not only explicable as a national sentiment, but justifiable as a reasonable faith.'

#### ALEXANDER HENDERSON.

In choosing to write the life of *Alexander Henderson, Churchman and Statesman* (Hodder & Stoughton; 15s. net), Sheriff R. L. Orr has chosen to introduce us to a great period in the history of Scotland as well as to a great man. A Scot and a Presbyterian can write without faltering and even with fervour of the struggle which the Church of Scotland had with the autocracy of Charles I. and the bigotry of Archbishop Laud. And in the person of Alexander Henderson he has a man of whom every Scottish patriot can be proud.

Look at him that day he refused to dissolve the General Assembly at the King's command, disregarding the charge of treason and proceeding quietly with the business in hand. 'That,' says Sheriff Orr, 'was one of the great moments of history. "The moment at which Henderson refused to dissolve the Assembly at the demand of the king's Commissary," says Leopold von Ranke, "however widely the circumstances may differ in other respects, may well be compared with the first steps by which a century and a half later the newly-created French National Assembly for the first time withstood the commands of its king." And it was a supremely testing moment for Henderson. The eyes of the great assemblage were fixed upon him as he confronted the representative of royal power, knowing well what his refusal might cost. There he stood, a man not imposing in outward appearance, his stature under middle height, his countenance pensive and careworn; dignified, courteous, courageous. And there he stands in history, with the eyes upon him of all men who love liberty, honouring him for the blow he struck in its cause, and recognizing that in this man there is something of heroic strain.'

On an earlier page Sheriff Orr describes the part Henderson had in the framing of the National Covenant, and uses language as fervent and as true. Towards the end of the book he says: 'The National Covenant, for which he was so largely responsible, showed the true instinct of leadership in a great crisis. It was in a line with



religious traditions of Scotland, and combined appeal to religious and political motive which united Scotland as one man. The movement was from first to last with remarkable skill, and it left its permanent stamp on the religion and politics of Scotland. The triumph of 1689 was a long way off, but it anticipated that day and prepared the way for it.

But of the Solemn League and Covenant he has a different opinion. He looks upon it as an error of statesmanship. 'It was entered into under a gross misapprehension as to the state of feeling in England, and it was enforced in a manner that wrecked any prospect of success it ever had.'

### PHASES OF IRISH HISTORY.

What we are most in need of at this time of distress is simply more Christianity—a more faithful and practical following of Christ. That saved Europe once; that will save Europe again. Listen to this testimony of an unprejudiced witness. Mr. John MacNeill is Professor of Ancient Irish History in the National University of Ireland. He has written a History of Ireland to the end of the Norman Conquest. He calls the book, modestly, *Phases of Irish History* (Dublin: Gill & Son; 6s. 6d. net), but it is truly a history; no essential fact or incident is omitted, and all is set down in order. More than that, it is an independent history, the well-considered product of a historian who at once reveres tradition and refuses to be bound by it. Still more it is a courageous history, the work of a historian who is not afraid to dig out of his treasures of research some things that are very new as well as some that are very

well. This is his encouragement in the present distress. 'The condition of Europe at this time, the first half of the fifth century, is terrible to contemplate, and many must have thought that the ancient civilization was at an end. The Roman Empire had abandoned Britain a prey to the Picts, the Scots, and the north-western Germans. Gaul, Spain, and the north-western parts of France were in the hands of the Franks, the Visigoths, the Alans, the Suevi, and the Vandals. The king of the Vandals, had overrun the fertile Roman province of Africa, which never afterwards recovered its ancient prosperity, and the greatest intellect of the time, St. Augustine,

passed away in his episcopal city while the Vandals were besieging it. Rome itself was twice captured and sacked, first by the Goths and afterwards by the Vandals. Attila, the Scourge of God, led immense armies from one end of Europe to the other, and boasted that where his horse had trodden the grass grew no more. St. Patrick, in his Confession, relates that after his escape from captivity in Ireland he and his companions travelled for thirty days on the Continent through an unpeopled wilderness. It seems a miracle that hope and courage could have survived in any mind. Yet the spirit of peace and gentleness and mercy was stronger than all the violence and bloodthirst of all the nations. Some have complained that St. Patrick, in his simple narrative, tells little but of his own heart, but his Confession is one of the great documents of history, and explains to us better than all the historians how barbarism was tamed and civilization saved. Imagine a young lad of tender years, son of a Roman citizen, torn away by fierce raiders from his parents and people, no doubt amid scenes of bloodshed and ruin, and sold into slavery among strangers; kept for years, the despised chattel of a petty chieftain, herding flocks in a bleak land of bog and forest. Think that the ruling sentiment that grew out of this pitiful experience was one of boundless love and devotion towards the people that had done him such terrible wrongs, so that when he had regained his freedom by flight, in nightly visions he heard their voices calling him back to them and freely and eagerly made up his mind to spend himself altogether in their service. It was this spirit that subdued the ferocity of fierce plundering rulers and warlike peoples. The Irish ceased from that time to be a predatory nation. Two centuries later, the king of the Northumbrian Angles invaded and devastated a part of eastern Ireland. His own subject, the Venerable Bede, denounces this violence done to "a harmless people who have never injured the English," and finds a just retribution in the misfortunes that afterwards befel the king and the Northumbrian power.'

Of the things in Professor MacNeill's book which will provoke discussion (but not dissension, since the Scots belonged then to Ireland) is his explanation of the name of the Scots. 'Whitley Stokes took the name Scottus to be cognate with certain Slavonic and Germanic words and to mean "master" or "possessor." But why should a

people who until the fourth century were named Iverní or Hiberní acquire in the fourth century a new name meaning "masters" or "possessors"? It is not in the quality of possessors that they appear in the records of the time, but rather in the quality of dispossessors. Raiding, fighting, wandering, wasting, these are the occupations of the Scots in that age; and if they acquired a new name, it is to these occupations that we might expect the new name to have reference. The verb *scothaim* or *scaithim* has a group of meanings all signifying a rapid cutting or striking movement. Dictionaries give the meanings, "I lop, prune, cut off, strip, destroy, disperse, scutch [flax], beat a sheaf of corn to make it shed its grain." *Scothbhualadh* means a light threshing; *scoithneán*, a sieve for winnowing grain. *Scottus*, then, in this view, was originally a common noun meaning a raider or reaver, a depredator who worked by rapid incursions and retirements.'

### THE DRAGON.

We are singularly slow to admit the existence of a myth in the Bible. We feel as if it were the same as admitting a lie. Yet the myth may convey the truth more surely than the most exact scientific description. We need not really be offended therefore when we read in Professor G. Elliot Smith's book, *The Evolution of the Dragon* (Longmans; 10s. 6d. net), that in Rev 20<sup>2</sup>, 'And he laid hold on the dragon, that old serpent, which is the devil,' we have the most fully developed form of one of the most widespread and instructive myths in the world.

But, in spite of the title, the book is occupied only in portions with the dragon myth. Its contents are miscellaneous, as the author acknowledges. They are no doubt bound together more or less firmly by one thought, the thought of water as the great fertilizer. But we come upon ever so many interesting and detachable things in our very pleasant journey through it.

The pouring of libations ('drink-offerings' is the name we are familiar with) arose from the desire to vivify the dry and shrivelled Egyptian corpse. This is Mr. A. M. Blackman's discovery, and it is accepted by Professor Elliot Smith.

Again it is Mr. Blackman's discovery that the offering of incense was originally resorted to for the purpose of restoring to the mummy the odour

of the living body. It was part of the ceremony used to make the dead live again.

Once more: Professor Elliot Smith believes that Egypt is the source of the culture of the world, not Babylonia, and that the Egyptian culture travelled as far as China and became the parent of such civilization as that country attained to.

Last of all: 'It is hardly necessary to insist upon the vast influence upon the history of civilization which this arbitrary value of gold has been responsible for exerting. For more than fifty centuries men have been searching for the precious metal, and have been spreading abroad throughout the world the elements of our civilization. It has been not only the chief factor in bringing about the contact of peoples and incidentally in building up our culture, but it has been the cause, directly or indirectly, of most of the warfare which has afflicted mankind. Yet these mighty forces were let loose upon the world as the result of the circumstance that early searchers for an elixir of life used the valueless metal to make imitations of their shell amulets!'

### FREDERICK THE GREAT.

If the man who with amusing French affectation signed his name 'Federic' was all that he is described in *The Life of Frederick the Great* by Mr. Norwood Young (Constable; 21s. net), and no more, then surely the title 'great' has never in the history of the world been bestowed upon one who was less worthy of it. Throughout the long persecution which he suffered at the hands of his father he bore himself contemptibly; yet how contemptible he could be in all the experiences of life was revealed when he came to the throne. His treatment of his gentle wife is dismissed in a few scathing sentences. More is said of the mean tricks to which he resorted in order to deceive the diplomatists with whom he had to do, and the incredible treachery of which he was capable in his relations with other Powers. Lord Hyndford, the British ambassador in Berlin, reports on 9th Jan. 1742: 'Upon all occasions he declares his disregard of treaties and guarantees, and his opinion that no faith or ties should bind a Prince any longer, when he is in a condition to break them to his advantage.' On the 17th March Hyndford writes: 'What dependence is to be had upon a Prince who has neither truth, honour, no



ligion? Who looks upon treaties as upon matrimony, to bind fools, and who turns into ridicule the most sacred things?’

That is the man and the manner which the House of Hohenzollern in our own day took as a model of public spirit. He threw over the claims of morality as easily and as effectually as he had dismissed the demands of religion. To Jordan, the son of a French refugee, he wrote (in 1742): ‘It will not be you who will condemn me, but those stoics whose dry temperament and hot brain incline them to rigid morality. I reply to them that they will do well to follow their maxims, but that the field of romance is more adapted to such severe practice than the continent which we inhabit, and that, after all, a private person has quite other reasons for being honest to those of a sovereign. In the case of a private person, there is nothing in question save the interest of an individual; he must always sacrifice it for the good of society. Thus the strict observation of moral law is in him a duty, the rule being, “It is better that one man should suffer than that a whole nation should perish.” In the case of a sovereign, the interest of a great nation is in his care, it is his duty to forward it; to succeed he must sacrifice himself, all the more his engagements, when they begin to become contrary to the welfare of his people.’

No wonder Mr. Young says that at the beginning of the Seven Years’ War ‘his threatening demeanour, insulting hypocrisy and treacherous attempts to create quarrels, left him outside the pale of decent society.’

It is an unsavoury story. Ought it to be read these days? We would seek peace and ensue; this story moves to utter enmity. Note, however, one interesting quotation from Frederick’s *Histoire de mon Temps* (left out of the official *Œuvres*): ‘You have only to take in the hand a geographical map to be convinced that the natural boundary of this monarchy [France] seems to extend to the Rhine, whose course seems to be formed expressly to separate France from Germany, to mark their limits, and set a bound to their domination.’

### THE ADVENTURER.

Dr. John Kelman, in his Yale Lectures, has been telling us that the preacher may find sermons

in modern novels. That is encouraging to those who have not made much of it that way but have bravely persevered and still get through so many in the week. Notwithstanding Dr. Kelman, we would recommend the lives of adventurers. It is not that they are more truthful. For we have usually to depend upon their own ‘Memoirs.’ And in any case, as Pilate said, What is truth? It is because they are more entertaining. You see the man or woman, not as some one else feigned or fashioned them, but as they fashioned or feigned themselves. You have the adventure and the psychology all in one—and as in the case of that book of adventure written by Mr. Ralph Nevill and called *Echoes Old and New* (Chatto & Windus; 12s. 6d. net), you are really found face to face with a type.

It is the type that follows pleasure, the pleasure of the moment. It is said of Job that he feared God and eschewed evil. The adventurer fears God also, but eschews unpleasantness. That is to him the only evil in the world. He fears God, in his way. Casanova—the most entertaining of the adventurers in Mr. Nevill’s book—‘thanked God, “Cause of all cause,” and congratulated himself’ on the life he had lived, which (on the credit of his own ‘Memoirs’) was a life of debauchery and deception. His last words were: ‘I have lived as a philosopher and die as a Christian.’

Mr. Nevill has much interest in the adventurer. Casanova never married. ‘If, however, he never had a wife, he more than made up for it by being never without one or more mistresses. The number of these ladies as detailed by himself, probably with truth, for research has proved the famous Memoirs to be astoundingly accurate, was very great.’ Whereupon the author says: ‘Marriage and celibacy have both their drawbacks. Those of the latter state, however, are not without a remedy, which Casanova thoroughly realized.’ Mr. Nevill’s special aversion is the Empress Maria Theresa, ‘whose fierce hatred of illicit love much resembled that of some of our modern Puritans.’

The other adventurers in the book are Henri de Lorraine, Cyrano, Gorani, Thomas Dermody, and La Paiva. There is some pleasant reading in the latter part of the book describing ‘Some Aspects of Social England.’

## OUR MYSTICAL POETS.

Mr. Percy H. Osmond is a student of mysticism. He has discovered a gap in the literature of that subject. And he has filled it worthily by his book on *The Mystical Poets of the English Church* (S.P.C.K.; 12s. 6d. net).

He has quoted freely and commented fairly, and for both we thank him. Not cleverness but clearness is the great desire of our hearts when we read books about the mystics. That desire is as nearly satisfied in Mr. Osmond's book as in any work of the kind in English. And do not run away with the idea that clearness means shallowness. Mr. Osmond knows his subject very well. He quotes poems some of us have never read—poems that are worth our reading. He gives us not only his own criticism of the English poet mystics, but he gives us also a good opportunity of knowing their poetry and their mysticism for ourselves.

His judgment is good. Once only have we found him at fault. He has not yet discovered William Blake. How will he be forgiven for this: 'There is, no doubt, a good deal of affectation in the admiration so loudly voiced to-day both for Blake's drawings and for his verse. It is a little annoying to find people wasting time in the elucidation of his mystifying myths, taking his vagaries so seriously, and mistaking the ridiculous for the sublime'?

'I have often gone into churchyards, and even, when possible, vaults and charnel-houses, to try and hear the truth from the lips of spirits, to force the paraphernalia of death to unfold their secret: I have tried, oh, so earnestly tried, in utter faith to make the dead hear me, feel for me, comfort me. But the dead are deaf, or else too happy to listen. Don't think me mad: I am only human. You see, I *know* that there is a truth somewhere: I *will not accept it as a creed* of churches or philosophies. I will find it for myself out of myself: I believe in love as the key to unlock the spheres. Meanwhile, I must live a lonely life: life of art and patience: life of sympathy and self-reliance: but, above all, a life of unseen relations, of spiritual (call them chimerical) visions and intuition. I would not waste my strength in solving questions of my own propounding, but the wind, the air,

dreams, all bring me questions and keep on waiting for answers.'

These are the words of a youth of seventeen, at the moment a scholar at Winchester College. A volume of *Some Winchester Letters of Lionel Johnson* has been published (Allen & Unwin; 7s. 6d. net). Two wonders are in it—the maturity of the lad's mind and the uncertainty of his faith. He says: 'I could be a Baptist, a Romanist, an Anglican, a Mormon, with almost equal faith.' He did at last become a Romanist. It is one of the most perplexing and yet most characteristic signs of our time—this volume of letters. We are giving young men a hearing such as they never were given before—and to what purpose? 'I live,' says Johnson, 'in the age of the "Welt-Schmerz". I do no wrong; am I therefore ever happy? true, my sorrows never come from consciousness of wrong; but from the vague shadow of unrest thrown over life by passing things; "a death, a chorus ending."'

In the autumn of 1916 five citizens of Sheffield, 'desirous of a revolutionary construction of Society,' began an investigation into the present state of society in their city. They gathered other helpers round them. By the spring of 1919 they were ready to issue their first volume of materials. It is the first of three—the first to be issued, but the second in order of logic. The first in that order will be called 'The Education of the Workers'; this volume is called *The Equipment of the Workers* (Allen & Unwin; 6s. net); the third will be called 'The Environment of the Workers.'

Visitors waited on the manual labourers throughout the city and asked them questions. The questions were always the same. They were divided into sections. The sections were headed thus: Adequacy for Home-life, Adequacy for Wage-earning Work, Adequacy for Local Citizenship, Adequacy for National Citizenship, Adequacy for Trade Union Membership, Adequacy for Co-operative Membership, Adequacy for the Right Use of Leisure, Love of Beauty, Love of Truth, Love of Goodness. Under each of these headings there were questions, again all alike. And in this volume we have the answers given to these questions by the manual workers together with the comments of the visitors.

The workers are divided into three classes—the well-equipped, the inadequately equipped, and the mal-equipped. Look at the answers of one of the



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She submits herself to the Divine Will. There is some joy in her faith which makes her look forward hopefully. She is confident of the justice of the Almighty, and does not resent the hardness of her life in the slightest; she never makes com-

parisons between the hardness of her lot and the good times other people get; she says some people's lives have to be hard. She truly believes that 'God's in His Heaven, All's right with the world.' She says: "Just say a tiny prayer and get on with your work." She never grumbles. She was nearly heart-broken when she thought she was going to lose her husband through an accident, said they had never been parted, but without a word she got more work (charring) so that the children should not suffer and so that her husband might have luxuries. She never talks about anything she does, and never thinks herself at all wonderful.'

In the controversy between heredity and environment Dr. C. Lloyd Morgan takes no side. He is seriously impressed with the low condition of vitality and mentality in our great cities. In *Eugenics and Environment* (Bale & Danielsson; 2s. net) he urges that we must eliminate undesirables by encouraging the early marriage of the strong and discouraging that of the weak. But he will have us give still more attention to the social environment.

A brief biography of *Charles Annandale, M.A., LL.D.*, has been written by Hamish Hendry (Blackie; 5s. net). Blackie's *Imperial Dictionary* was in its day a marvel—however familiar and commonplace it may seem to be now in the presence of the *Oxford English Dictionary* and other mighty works. But the *Imperial* was only one of the great deeds which Dr. Annandale accomplished. We have always reckoned Blackie's *Modern Cyclopedia*, in its completeness and practical brevity, as useful a book as any in our library and have it always at our elbow.

Professor John Oman has revised his book *Grace and Personality* for a second edition (Cambridge: at the University Press; 7s. 6d. net). It says something for the perseverance of the saints that he has had the opportunity. For he is one of the most difficult authors of our day. Great thoughts come to him and in their due theological order, but he cannot give them expression. The chief if not the sole purpose of the changes which he has made on the book for this edition is in the way of clearing up its obscurities. For he has been well told about them. The new chapter which he has written, and which he calls 'Irresist-

ible Grace,' is written for the same purpose. And there is some result. But still the book demands the utmost attention. Only—and that is all we need to say—it is worth it.

A volume entitled *An Enquiry concerning the Principles of Natural Knowledge* has been published in Cambridge at the University Press (12s. 6d. net). The author is A. N. Whitehead, Sc.D., F.R.S., Fellow of Trinity College and Professor of Applied Mathematics in the Imperial College of Science and Technology.

Dr. Whitehead describes his purpose: 'The fundamental assumption to be elaborated in the course of this enquiry is that the ultimate facts of nature, in terms of which all physical and biological explanation must be expressed, are events connected by their spatio-temporal relations, and that these relations are in the main reducible to the property of events that they can contain (or extend over) other events which are parts of them. In other words, in the place of emphasizing space and time in their capacity of disconnecting, we shall build up an account of their complex essences as derivative from the ultimate ways in which those things, ultimate in science, are interconnected.' More briefly (and near the end of a difficult discussion) he says: The aim of this work is to 'illustrate the principles of natural knowledge by an examination of the data and experimental laws fundamental for physical science.'

The difficulty of the discussion is undoubtedly increased by the singularity of the author's style. He has, for example, a peculiar use of the word 'namely.' There is an instance in the words with which the volume ends and which we shall quote. He is speaking of rhythms, and says: 'Molecules are non-uniform objects and as such exhibit a rhythm; although, as known to us, it is a rhythm of excessive simplicity. Living bodies exhibit rhythm of the greatest subtlety within our apprehension. Solar systems and star clusters exhibit rhythm of a simplicity analogous to that of molecules. It is impossible not to suspect that the gain in apparent complexity at the stage of our own rhythm-bearing events is due rather to our angle of vision than to any inherent fact of nature.' Then he adds: 'So far as direct observation is concerned all that we know of the essential relations of life in nature is stated in two short poetic phrases. The obvious aspect by Tennyson,

"Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,  
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying,  
dying."

Namely, Bergson's *élan vital* and its relapse into matter. And Wordsworth with more depth,

"The music in my heart I bore,  
Long after it was heard no more."

To Messrs. Duckworth's series of 'Studies in Theology' a volume has been added on *The Theology of the Epistles*, written by Professor H. A. A. Kennedy, D.D., D.Sc. (5s. net). Professor Moffatt contributed a volume to the same series on *The Theology of the Gospels*. The two books go well together, by their contrast not less than by their agreement. It is incidentally interesting to notice that Dr. Kennedy uses Dr. Moffatt's translation of the New Testament freely. He agrees with Dr. Moffatt in translating 2 Co 4<sup>6</sup>, 'It was God, who said, Light shall shine out of darkness, that shone in *my* heart,' though the Greek word is *our*. Both take the reference to be to the apostle's conversion.

The book is of the most exact scholarship and the most exalted loyalty. On every other page one finds refreshing thought or incisive interpretation. Thus: 'We are not unduly pressing the data when we assert that for Paul the conception of the Family of God, as established and knit together in Christ, takes the place of the Kingdom.' Again: 'Here we touch the very foundation of Paul's religious experience. The appeal of the love and grace of Christ, of which he became conscious at his conversion, penetrated to his inmost being. It set in motion all the activities of his soul. And this response, which carried his whole nature with it, he calls Faith.'

*Way of Healing* (Heffer) is 'a little book for those who know suffering,' gathered from writers ancient and modern, prose and poetical, by Estelle Blyth. Our first glance was unlucky. It was part of a poem by Christina Rossetti (so spelt) misquoted. It is the only misquotation or misspelling we can discover.

In *Every Church a Brotherhood* (Hodder & Stoughton; 2s. net). Mr. William Ward tells the story of the revivifying of the Brotherhood Movement in Canada. He does more. He insists on



ery Church being (not having) a Brotherhood. What is the significance of the book.

*The Opinions of R. H. Brown*, edited by his manuensis, P. Addison Devis (Hodder & Stoughton; 6s. net), have been read already by those who read the *Methodist Recorder*, and it is the first of all who will buy the book. For R. H. Brown has a clear mind and an obedient ear. He is a critic, a critic of religious people, and a sharp critic, and just for that reason he is to be read again and yet again.

There is, for example, that chapter on 'Peradventure.' The story comes from Prebendary Boyd. 'A poor woman was dying in peace because she had never uttered the unpardonable word. With great difficulty it was ascertained that this word of taboo and perdition was the harmless word "peradventure." She had read in the Bible, and laid deeply to heart, "If I say, peradventure the darkness shall cover me," but she had never said it, and her conscience was at rest.'

The moral? It is well worked out by R. H. Brown and well driven home.

Mr. W. Scott Palmer believes that there is no essential antagonism between Science and Religion. More than that, he believes that religion ought to include both Science and Philosophy, otherwise it is not religion at its highest and best. His lively book, *Where Science and Religion Meet* (Hodder & Stoughton; 6s. net), has many acute and suggestive remarks in it for the instruction of the preacher, but its greatness lies in the argument (which never wears or grows stale as it pursues its way through the book), that the theologian who is not also a scientist and philosopher knows only half his business.

It is not a book of problems, but some of the most perplexing of our problems are discussed in it.

The problem illustrated by the fall of the tower in Siloam on 'those eighteen' for example. The solution is that the tower was badly built and the eighteen suffered for the sin of the builders because of the solidarity of mankind—a solidarity which brings evil as well as good.

Mrs. E. S. Watson (Deas Cromarty) was engaged on a Life of Christ when she died. Her husband, the Rev. R. A. Watson, D.D., has edited and

issued that portion which had been written. The title is *The Heir of All Things* (Hodder & Stoughton; 5s. net).

It ends with the Temptation in the Wilderness, or 'the Confutation of Diabolus,' as the author calls it. For she is never content to repeat others' phrases or reproduce others' ideas. If she finds herself a Roman rather than a Presbyterian in holding that the 'brethren' of our Lord were His cousins, the sons and daughters of another Mary, the sister of the Virgin, and of Cleophas (called also Alphaeus), a younger brother of Joseph, she is not disturbed. She is not disturbed by a greater heresy than that, though this time her husband is troubled a little. For he acknowledges that the chapter on 'The World Unredeemed' is, 'from the point of view of current academic culture, somewhat heterodox.'

*The War and Preaching* is the title which Dr. John Kelman has given to the forty-fifth series of the Lyman Beecher Lectures on Preaching (Hodder & Stoughton; 6s. net). The title does not cover the whole course. There are references to the war here and there, but really only two of the lectures deal directly with it. The book has a wider range of subject. It takes account of the Message, the Men, the Method, and the Messenger; and (to continue the alliteration) the Messenger is spoken of as a Politician, a Priest, and a Prophet. By the 'Men' is meant those to whom the Message comes. They are in this course of lectures the soldiers who went into the war. To them (for they were ordinary men) the preaching of the future has to be directed. 'It is our part to interpret the Kingdom of God both to soldiers and to civilians, and to do what we can to ensure that the reborn world of to-morrow shall be a world of righteousness and love, and not a world of hatred and of blood. The soldier who has discovered Calvary has also discovered the resurrection, if you will so interpret to him his just aspirations. If he rise with Christ, he will seek those things that are above. In the ruined and roofless church of Dickebusch, all the inscriptions on the walls are shot away except one. It is a little plaster circlet, remaining intact above the shattered altar, and it reads, "*Instaurare omnia in Christo*." That is for an allegory of the war, if we have grace given us to make it so.'

This volume is an exposition of that form of

preaching which has made the name of John Kelman a household word on both sides of the Atlantic. What are the things necessary to the making of a good sermon?—plenty of material, careful construction, a feeling for style, and the vision. Yes, one more—imagination, both divine and human.

The latest addition to the Harvard Theological Studies is the text of seven unpublished homilies of Macarius, edited, with an Introduction, by G. L. Marriott, M.A., B.D., Lecturer in the University of Birmingham. The title is *Macarii Anecdota* (Milford; 5s. 6d. net).

A scholarly account of Ahmad, the latest Muslim Messiah, and of his teaching and influence, is given in *The Ahmadiya Movement* by H. A. Walter, M.A. (Milford; 3s. 6d. net). The volume belongs to the series entitled 'The Religious Life of India,' which is edited by Dr. J. N. Farquhar and Dr. Nicol Macnicol.

There is a tradition among the Muslims 'that at the beginning of every hundred years a reviver (*Mujaddid*) would appear, who should revivify Islām and restore it to the pure principles of its founder.' And Ahmad's conviction that he 'had been chosen to fulfil a unique mission may well have had its inception in the growing consciousness, which appears early in his writings, that he was the divinely appointed reformer for the fourteenth century of the Muslim era.' The movement 'attracted those Muslims who, concerned alike at the inroads of Christianity and (to a small extent) of the Ārya Samāj from without, and of rationalism and worldliness from within, turned eagerly toward a leader who took his stand firmly upon Islām as a revealed religion, as being the supreme revelation of God to man, and, allowing no quarter to Christianity, pressed forward in unsparing attack, not, however, asserting the superiority of Islām on the ground of its rational character, but rather because of the authentic and conclusive nature of its divinely inspired revelation.'

Mr. H. Hamilton Fyfe knows his mind and can utter it. *The Meaning of the World Revolution*—the title of his new book (Palmer & Hayward; 3s. 6d. net)—is that war is to be no more because the people—not the higher nor the middle classes,

but 'the people'—will not have it. They will have happiness, and war makes for misery.

They will have happiness; and 'I believe,' says Mr. Fyfe, 'the day is coming when each single human being's health and happiness will be the only aim worth considering.' Again he says, 'Charles Dickens wrote: "My faith in the people who govern us is, on the whole, infinitesimal. My faith in the people governed is, on the whole, illimitable." That must be the creed of all who can see things as they are to-day.'

The Religious Tract Society has published a Ground Plan with Brochure and Indexed Key Plan of *The Model of the Temple in the Time of our Lord* (1s. net). The author is Maud A. Duthoit.

Are the Pastoral Epistles St. Paul's? It has come to be considered unscholarly conservatism to say Yes. But the Rev. A. E. Hillard, D.D., is a scholar and up to date, and yet the title he gives his commentary is *The Pastoral Epistles of St. Paul* (Rivingtons; 10s. net).

Dr. Hillard does not argue at too much length about the authorship. The Introduction is remarkably brief and to the point. He gives the space of his book to the exposition. And the exposition is not only full but also suggestive. Many topics are discussed with a wealth of illustrative detail rarely found in modern commentaries, and throughout the discussion many other topics are touched into life and suggestiveness. Within the notes on the first few verses of the first chapter of First Timothy there are discussions of Apostleship and Conscience quite fit to be considered Dictionary articles. And there is this note on the Greek word ἀγάπη.

'This word suffers through having no English equivalent, as the translations of 1 Cor. xiii. make manifest. At one time, perhaps, *charity* came near it, or Wyclif could hardly have written for Rom. viii. 39, "Neither death, neither lyfe, neither noon other creature may departe us fro the charitie of God"; but now the word is narrowed down and only represents ἀγάπη by a kind of convention. The word *love* also requires a convention to represent it, for it properly implies affection (φιλία), whereas you can have ἀγάπη for a person you have never met. ἀγάπη is essentially a Christian conception based on the common brotherhood in Christ and the consciousness of sharing the same



at object of life. It implies, therefore, all the consideration and sympathy that the consciousness of this bond creates. If a stranger wrote to you from the ends of the earth because he was in difficulty and had no one to trust, having picked your name at random out of a list, you might take great pains in answering him, δι' ἀγάπην, but not out of love or out of charity.'

A new translation has been made and published of *The Spiritual Exercises of Saint Ignatius of Loyola* (Scott; 9s. net). The translator is the Rev. W. H. Longridge, M.A., of the Society of Jesus. John the Evangelist, Cowley S. John, Oxford.

The book is an attempt to make the Spiritual Exercises of S. Ignatius Loyola better known to English readers, and especially to directors of retreats. It consists of a literal translation into English of the Spanish text of S. Ignatius, together with an explanatory commentary, some longer additional Notes, and a translation of the *Directorium in Exercitiis*.

The translator says further, 'It would have been easy to give a more smooth and flowing English version by translating from the Vulgate, but this would have been, in many places, to paraphrase rather than to translate the original Spanish. It seemed best, therefore, in the case of a book where the language is so terse and full of meaning to keep as closely as possible to the actual words of the author, even at the risk of reproducing the harsh, and often ungrammatical, character of his style. Only so could the translation serve as a basis for the commentary which is intended to bring out and explain the meaning of the exact words in which he has expressed his thought.'

Most of us prefer a translation into idiomatic English; but with exceptions, and this is one.

The volume is divided into two parts—the Spiritual Exercises and the Directory. At the end of the Exercises there is a long series of notes—most curious and most useful. At the end of the Directory there is an accurate and remarkable Index.

A service of Sacrifice'—that is the phrase which indicates the attitude of the writer of *Some Thoughts on the Holy Communion* (Skeffingtons). And most eager he is to commend his attitude to others.

The brief story of a woman whom sudden bereavement sent into the world to win her soul and who won it is told in *Life's Realities* by A. Marett (Skeffingtons; 2s. 6d. net).

*The Importance of Women in Anglo-Saxon Times* is the title given to a volume of papers by the Right Rev. G. F. Browne, D.D., formerly Bishop of Bristol (S.P.C.K.; 7s. 6d. net). It is the topic of the first place but least importance of the five papers in the volume. But it has its present interest, and Dr. Browne makes good use of his opportunities always. His range of study is perhaps too wide to be deep, but he has discernment; he knows whom to trust. His aim is to make public that which is known to the specialist, and in that most important aim he is not easily surpassed.

The other papers are on the Cultus of St. Peter and St. Paul, the Early Connection between the Churches of Britain and Ireland, the See of Crediton, and Desiderius Erasmus.

One way of realizing the uniqueness of our Lord is to become acquainted with the mind of the Jewish rabbis. That is now easy for any one; Dr. W. O. E. Oesterley has issued a popular edition of the Pirke Aboth, or *The Sayings of the Jewish Fathers*, translated by himself from the Hebrew (S.P.C.K.; 5s. net).

First we are introduced to the Sayings in brief clear paragraphs, and then every Saying is explained and illustrated in full scholarly notes. Though far away from the mind of Christ, they are not all foolish sayings. Take this from Simeon the Just—probably Simeon II., high priest circa B.C. 226-198—'He used to say, "On three things the world stands: on the Torah, on the (Temple-) service, and on acts of love."'

The Rev. Charles H. S. Matthews, M.A., calls Jonah *A Hebrew Prophet for the League of Nations*, and under that title publishes a clear courageous exposition of the Book of Jonah (Student Christian Movement). There are good things in the exposition, but this taken from Cornhill's *Prophets of Israel* is as good as anything: 'I have read the Book of Jonah at least a hundred times and I will publicly avow, for I am not ashamed of my weakness, that I cannot even now take up this marvellous book, nay, nor even speak of it,

without the tears rising to my eyes, and my heart beating higher. This apparently trivial book is one of the deepest and grandest that was ever written, and I should like to say to every one who approaches it, "Take off thy shoes, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground."

'The existence of so admirable a Bible study textbook as Professor Hogg's *Christ's Message of the Kingdom* makes it necessary that I should offer a word of explanation for the *raison d'être* of this book. When Professor Hogg's book came out, I had been working along the lines here laid down for several years, first for myself, and then in small college circles at Oxford. We hailed Professor Hogg's book with joy, and used it largely as a circle textbook in Oxford. But I found myself that the book seemed to call for a companion or supplementary study dealing more in detail with the life of Christ.'

Those words, which stand first in the Foreword to Professor S. H. Hooke's *Christ and the Kingdom of God* (S.C.M.; 4s. 6d. net), are all that we need to understand its purpose. The fulfilment is found to be more than the promise. A scholar's most scholarly work, it is a trained and experienced teacher's most teachable material.

The Song of Songs has been translated by Gershon Katz from the Hebrew into rhymed English verse. The title is *Shulamit* (Universal Translation Bureau; 1s. 6d. net). This is an example of the translation:

Through th' windows looketh he forth, and him  
I see

Glancing through th' lattice, while he speaks  
to me

And says: 'Rise up, my love, and come away,  
The winter and the rain have had their day;  
The flowers on the earth appear; the time  
Of singing birds is come; the turtle's chime  
In our land is heard; the fig-tree green  
Sweeteneth her good figs; the vines are seen  
In blossom; tender grapes give a good smell:  
Arise, my fair one, thou I love so well,  
And come away.

To the second edition of their book *The Coming Polity* (Williams & Norgate; 6s. 6d. net), Mr. Victor Branford and Professor Patrick Geddes have added a wholly new part. Now the contents are: Part I. The Science of the Future; Part II. Method; Part III. Practice. The new part consists of three chapters, one on the Renewing of Christendom, one on the Post-Germanic University; and one entitled 'From the Old State to the New.'

The great idea and aim is still the Militant University, even though the chapter specially devoted to it in the first edition is now cancelled. But with the intellect of the University 'warmth of impulse and loftiness of aim are also needed and in fullest measure. An alliance of the University with the Church is therefore imperative; for assuredly no full-orbed society of nations is possible without that ancient mother, of whom Alma Mater is herself the daughter.'

## Archibald Henry Sayce.

By STEPHEN H. LANGDON, M.A., PROFESSOR OF ASSYRIOLOGY, OXFORD.

THE subject of this memoir is a man whose literary and scholarly activity may be described as universal. Since the year 1871, when at the age of twenty-five he attained a European reputation by an article on Sumerian philology, he has constantly contributed to Oriental and Classical philology and to Semitic and Egyptian history and religion. For a period of nearly fifty years not one has passed without a book or important article from his pen. Their influence has been varied and profound.

Born in 1846 in the west country of Shirehampton, of Celtic extraction, he was educated at Grosvenor College, Bath. The Rev. Bradford Waring Gibson, Trinity College, Cambridge, was head master at that time. The principal interest of the master was mathematics, which may perhaps partially explain Sayce's aptitude for astronomy when he began the interpretation of Babylonian astronomical texts. He matriculated at Brasenose College, Oxford, in 1864, but was immediately



ected scholar of Queen's through the influence of two well-known classical scholars, Bywater and Water. He obtained a first in Moderations and in the Final Classical Schools, graduating 1868 in the class of Andrew Lang, E. A. Knox (Bishop of Manchester), T. Humphrey Ward, and K. A. Caird-Mackenzie. Of delicate health he was compelled to spend one winter during his undergraduate days in the south of France. It is said that those who knew him in those days that this circumstance gave him opportunity for a wider range of reading than the severe Oxford system of examination usually encourages. He was elected Fellow of Queen's College in 1869, and did tutorial work in Classics and Theology from 1870 to 1879. He was acquainted with Mark Pattison and vigorously supported his crusade for the encouragement of research at Oxford. In fact, he consistently stood for the encouragement of original scholarship, and the result of his lifelong endeavour is that his own college has a great number of profound scholars and is renowned for its contributions to learning.

In 1871, when he began to publish, the languages and strange scripts of Western Asia were in process of being deciphered. Grotefend, Rawlinson, Hincks, and Oppert had founded the science of Assyriology by means of the trilingual cuneiform inscriptions of the Achæmenian Empire. The first of the versions was found to be Old Persian, an Aryan language whose affinities with Sanscrit were at once discovered and which soon gave up its secrets. The third version, largely through the remarkable ingenuity of Edward Hincks of Dublin University, was proved to be a Semitic language, that is Babylonian. The second version of these inscriptions was still more or less of a mystery in the early seventies. Its precise geographical relation to other languages remained obscure until 1885, when Sayce proved that it was written in the language of Elam, the native land of Cyrus himself. I shall return to this discovery later. The third or Semitic Babylonian version of the cuneiform royal inscriptions of the Persian Empire was by far the most important linguistic recovery of modern times. Here we obtained the key to the literatures of Babylonia and Assyria and several other peoples of Western Asia who made use of their language and script. George Smith, Edwin Norris, and others had already begun the publication of

historical, literary, and grammatical texts, and much progress had been made in their interpretation before 1870. The linguistic character of the language spoken and written at Nineveh and Babylon was determined. The outline of their history was known and some of their great legends were vaguely understood. But the Babylonian inscriptions revealed the surprising fact that this most ancient of Semitic peoples had borrowed their system of writing, their culture, and most of their religion from an earlier and a vanished people whose language was a complete puzzle. Great numbers of bilingual tablets had been excavated at Nineveh and brought to the British Museum, and these were found to be lexicons and reading-books written to instruct the Semites in this ancient and sacred language. Oppert, Hincks, and others had already discovered its non-Semitic character, and this problem was the first one to which the young Oxford scholar consecrated his great linguistic ability. In the *Journal of Philology* of the year 1870<sup>1</sup> appeared an article on 'An Accadian Seal,' an inscription of twelve lines mentioning Dungi, king of Ur, who reigned 2456-2399 B.C. This was the first attempt to translate a classical inscription unaccompanied by a Semitic version. He was wrong in deciding in favour of Hincks' term 'Accadian' as the name of the language, for the future history of Assyriology was to prove Oppert right in describing it as Sumerian. But there was great controversy in those days between these two terms, and no one then could divine that the ancient city of Accad was the first Semitic capital in Babylonia and that Accadian really meant 'Semitic' as distinctive from Sumerian, the agglutinating language of the more ancient people in the extreme south. He nevertheless determined for all time the agglutinating nature of this language which we now call Sumerian, and fixed several of its grammatical rules and its phonetic peculiarities. His natural gift for phonetics is truly remarkable, far more so than his published works would lead any one to believe. Time and again the writer, in his endeavour to settle the phonetic system of Sumerian in a Sumerian grammar forty years after this pioneer work, found him a resourceful phonetician, ready to give invaluable advice concerning most difficult sound changes. If any one will take the trouble to read this now historic but naturally somewhat anti-

<sup>1</sup> The article is dated February 4, 1870.

quoted article on 'An Accadian Seal' he will be unable to understand how any one at the age of twenty-four years could have done such a performance. It shows an intimate knowledge of the grammar and phonetics of Aryan, Semitic, Turanian, and the whole group of Asianic agglutinating languages.

In 1874 the ingenious Semitic scholar of Paris, Joseph Halévy, disputed the very existence of Sumerian, and explained it as cryptographic. The term finally employed was Allographie, and I still have by me a pathetic letter from that valiant but misguided *savant* which accompanied his last book (1912) on the subject sent to me. It has always been a mystery to the younger generation of Assyriologists how any one could have taken Halévy seriously. But many did, and even the distinguished Friedrich Delitzsch was deceived for a time. Sayce, however, like Jules Oppert, was far too good a linguist to be influenced by an impossible theory, and in his admirable paper on Sumerian phonology (1877) he made no reference to the attack on Sumerian, and, in fact, never has done so. To the great loss of Assyriology he broke off his Sumerian studies here and devoted his attention to other problems. He has, however, paid close attention to all the work which has been done, as those who know him can testify. Knowledge of Sumerian is absolutely essential not only for the interpretation of cuneiform texts, but even for Assyrian grammar. And so when in 1872 he wrote the first really comprehensive Assyrian grammar, his Sumerian studies profited him and Assyriology much. This was his first important work in Semitic languages, and reveals a good knowledge of that group. So far as I know we find here the first correct statement of the relation of Assyrian sibilants to the sibilants of cognate languages. That is, of course, one of the most important things to know about any Semitic language. In 1875 appeared his *Elementary Grammar of the Assyrian Language*, which passed into a second edition in 1876. At the same time he began to publish translations and interpretations of Assyrian texts chiefly in the first series of the *Records of the Past*, published by the Society of Biblical Archaeology. In volumes i., iii., iv., v., vii., ix., xi., published during the years 1873-78, appeared translations of historical, religious, divination, and astronomical texts. Most of this material was revised and republished, together with many new texts, especially selections from the famous

Amarna Letters, in the new series of the *Records of the Past*, 1888-92, six volumes, edited by himself, with the assistance of such scholars as Maspero, Amiaud, Pinches, Ball, and Rogers. His own contributions included one on Egyptian place names. He had, in fact, paid much attention to Egyptian and had studied under Maspero in Paris. The now famous Assyriologist, Père Scheil, was a fellow-student with him in Maspero's classes. The plan of the *Records of the Past* did not encourage exhaustive study of any one branch of literature, a most unfortunate circumstance for the future of Assyriology in England. But the series did spread abroad a knowledge of the subject and aroused great interest. Citations from the series occur abundantly in the theological literature of the period.

A long monograph on astronomical texts in the *Proceedings of the Society of Biblical Archaeology*, 1874, pp. 145-339, was the first scientific investigation of Babylonian astronomy. The author shows a good knowledge of modern astronomy. It contains a résumé of all references to Babylonian astronomy and astrology in classical authors. In the light of our more scientific knowledge of Babylonian astronomy, which has developed into an exact discipline now, it would be distinctly unfair to criticise this pioneer work which began what turned out to be a complicated and very important subject. He foresaw, with the acumen usual in him, that astronomy was one of the fundamental elements in Sumero-Babylonian religion. We cannot interpret their vast theological system without it, and his *Religion of the Ancient Babylonians*, delivered as the Hibbert Lectures in 1887, shows that he appreciated this fact. Here we find for the first time the statement that the Babylonian (really the Sumerian) calendar originated in the period when the sun at the vernal equinox stood in Taurus. He placed the passage of the sun from Taurus into Aries in the twenty-sixth century B.C., but modern calculations place it at about 1900. Taurus is a long sign, and the sun entered it about 4500 B.C., and in that remote age the civilization of Sumer began. Having discovered that the sun stood in Taurus during the first month of the year throughout the period 4500-2500, he then explained the Sumerian name of what in the later period, about 2400, is the name of the second month *gud-si-di*, 'the directing bull.' Now when the sun passed from Taurus



into Aries naturally the first month became the second. In other words, *gud-si-di* probably was the name of the first month in the Taurus period, although it has not been found as such in that period. In short, this name, 'the directing bull,' for the month Nisan in the period when the sun stood in Taurus during that month is explained on astronomical grounds, and convincingly explained in my opinion. It is unnecessary to comment upon the acumen of a remark like that made at the very beginning of our studies on Babylonian religion. We cannot but surmise that the whole pan-Babylonian astronomical school of Germany, which sees practically nothing but astral religion in Babylonia, obtained their inspiration from Sayce.

In 1874 we find him attacking the second version of the Achæmenian inscriptions, which were obviously neither Persian (Aryan) nor Semitic. Now Layard had found cuneiform inscriptions in the plain of Mal-Amir on the road from Susa to Persepolis, and François Lenormant had published a few more of similar character from Susa. Sayce discovered at once that they were written in the same language as that of the second version of the royal inscriptions of Darius and Xerxes. The unknown language, therefore, was that of Elam. In *P.S.B.A.*, 1874, pp. 465-485 (separated at no great length from the monograph referred to above on astronomical texts), he fixed the character of this language and gave it the name Elamitic or Susian, which it has borne since. Again, at the Sixth Congress of Orientalists (1885), he read on the *Inscriptions of Mal. Amir* (vol. i. 639-756) a long monograph which is generally recognized as having fixed the direction which the new science must take. The excavations at Susa have produced an extensive literature of Elamitic, due almost exclusively to the work of one man, Père Scheil of Paris. It is not often that it falls to the lot of a scholar to determine the character of what proved to be a great language and historic civilization.

Sayce came early under the influence of Professor Max Müller and devoted apparently half of his attention to Aryan philology. He possessed a working knowledge of Sanscrit, was a splendid Greek and Latin scholar, knew all the important modern Aryan languages of Europe, and being of Celtic extraction was able to command the resources of that group in his studies in comparative philology. Not infrequently does he refer to

Finnish and the whole Tartar group for illustration. In 1876, in a lecture on Comparative Philology, he insisted upon a most sound principle: 'Grammar and grammar alone forms a true basis for Comparative Philology. Mere similarity of roots is delusive.' Even at this time he was able to discuss the whole Aryan, Semitic, Celtic, and Magyar group. He became Deputy Professor of Comparative Philology (which in those days meant Aryan philology) in 1876. His *opus magnum* is *Introduction to the Science of Language* (1880), two thick volumes. *Principles of Comparative Philology*, published in 1874, which passed through three editions, was his first important book.

Undoubtedly his real interest from about 1885 turned toward the history of religion, especially the religions of Egypt and Babylonia, and in particular the religion of the Hebrews. His books on these subjects have had great influence, and have also been the subject of much diversity of opinion. *Religion of the Ancient Babylonians* (1887) was the first essay to outline the character of that great religion. It passed into six editions and was widely used as a text-book at the end of the last century. There is here no attempt to illustrate the religion of the Hebrews from this source. But in 1883 was published a small book, *Fresh Light from the Monuments*, in which the historical records of Assyria and Egypt were abundantly utilized to illustrate and confirm portions of the Old Testament. The school of Higher Criticism of the Old Testament were rewriting the history of the Hebrews and reinterpreting their religion in the light of literary criticism. It is difficult to state precisely his position in this controversy, which continues to the present day. His major thesis is that the literary critics fail to do justice to the historical surroundings of the Hebrew people in every period, particularly in the Mosaic period. *Fresh Light from the Monuments* passed through nine editions, 1883-95. There is no reason to suppose that Sayce at first denied the documentary composition of the Pentateuch. His opposition to the modern school of Old Testament critics is that they carry their analysis too far and greatly underestimate the literary character of the Mosaic Age. In his *Life and Times of Isaiah* (1889) he at any rate makes use of only chapters 1-39, and one concludes that he correctly sees the impossibility of attributing chapters 40-66 to that prophet. He employs prophetic utterances as legitimate

sources of history which proves clearly enough that he regards the Hebrew Scriptures as standing upon a different level from any other literature. His standard work on the Old Testament is *The 'Higher Criticism' and the Verdict of the Monuments* (1893), which passed at once into three editions. His attitude toward the Higher Critics is well stated there. 'What may be called historical hair-splitting has been the bane of scientific criticism. It has been mainly due to a want of sympathy with the age and writers of the documents which are criticised, and to a difficulty of realizing the conditions under which they lived, and the point of view from which they wrote.' In this book he massed practically all the known Egyptian and Babylonian sources illustrative of Hebrew history and followed it down to the time of Ezra. Archæology certainly vindicates his position about the possibility of the Hebrews having been able to write in cuneiform in the age of the Judges, and he insists time and again that there is a reference to the scribe and the stylus in Jg 5<sup>14</sup>. Also in numerous articles on the 'Archæology of the Book of Genesis' in THE EXPOSITORY TIMES, he argues that the early Hebrew records were written on clay tablets precisely as the early Canaanites of the sixteenth and fifteenth centuries wrote their letters to the kings of Egypt, and, what is more, he believes that these tablets may still be found. That is an inspiring hope and a prophetic inspiration.

But increasing age brings ever a tendency to conservatism. In his *Early History of the Hebrews* (1897) he apparently denies the documentary analysis of the Pentateuch and defends the Mosaic authorship. Those of us who have been trained in the modern school of criticism find it difficult to follow him now, but it must be said that many exponents of this school unnecessarily aroused his hostility by persisting where he had proved them to be wrong. In consequence they are subjected to severe criticism in a little book *Monumental Facts and Higher Critical Fancies* (1904). Here he goes over to the archæological method as the only one possible in the interpretation of the Hebrew Scriptures.

He is more and more drawn to pure archæology now, and in 1907 appeared an important book, *The Archæology of the Cuneiform Inscriptions* (Rhind Lectures at Edinburgh, 1906, with additional chapters). Here he shows himself

thoroughly schooled in pottery, geology, glyptic, Babylonian art, and metallurgy. The special point of this book is to describe the culture of every one of the peoples who used the Cuneiform script, Sumerian, Elamite, Babylonian, Assyrian, Hittite and Cappadocian, Mitanni, Chaldian (Vannic), and Canaanite.

The Gifford Lectures at Aberdeen (1902) were on *The Conception of the Divine among the Egyptians and the Babylonians*. Here we have an eloquent expression of what every profound student of Egyptology and Assyriology comes to feel, namely, the preparation in these ancient religions for the preaching of the prophets and the founding of Christianity. "God's light lighteth every man that cometh into the world," and the religions of Egypt and Babylonia illustrate the words of the Evangelist. They form the background and preparation for Judaism and Christianity. Christianity was the fulfilment, not of the Law only, but of all that was truest and best in the religions of the ancient world.' In his second edition, 1913, he recognized that the religion of Babylonia was too vast a subject to be dealt with so briefly. The writer painfully believes that Sayce greatly undervalued the ethical standards and religious rituals of Sumer and Babylonia, especially of the former. One of the desiderata of our literature is a book by him on Sumero-Babylonian religion in view of recent progress.

It is perhaps not generally known that Sayce is a preacher of marked ability. There is no better sermon in our language than the one preached at All Saints, Cairo, on Easter Sunday, 1906, and published under the title *The Preaching of St. Paul*. Paul spoke only of a risen Christ, God revealed in the flesh. He preached dogma and more than a personal Christ. 'Stoicism could point to an Epictetus and a Marcus Aurelius, but that is all; and Seneca's pupil was Nero!' 'It is only the few to whom virtue comes, as it were, naturally.' 'My own tutorial experience at Oxford led me to assign a very much higher value to what is commonly called dogmatic teaching than the theories of the study had inclined me to ascribe to it.' He has here, of course, the modern German theological school in mind which centres all upon the Person of Christ. He is far too good an Anglican and a Catholic to follow in that train.

I have left myself no space to describe even briefly his work on Herodotus (Books I.-III.,



text and commentary, 1883), and his *Ancient Empires of the East* (1884), in both of which he proves the inaccuracy of the Greek historian. In some instances Herodotus has partially recovered his reputation, for Sayce did not leave him much. However, so far as Herodotus was concerned with Babylonia, it is difficult to deny the full claims of Sayce's severe criticism. Still less sufficient is my space for an account of his decipherment of the language of the empire of Urartu whose capital was at Van in Armenia, in the ninth and eighth centuries B.C. Without any bilingual inscriptions at all, he made a fairly successful outline of the grammar and translated some of the inscriptions of that lost empire, whose people spoke an agglutinating language, and who preceded the Aryan race in that region. This remarkable linguistic feat was published in the *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society*, vol. xiv. (1882), pages 377-732. When de Morgan, and later Belck, found a bilingual inscription at the pass of Kelichin ten years later it was seen that his decipherment was in the main correct.

In the Amarna Letters, published by Winckler in 1888, he detected at once a long letter written in the language of the Mitanni, and at once set to work on that. Curiously enough, unknown to each other, Jensen and Brünnow in Germany each sent in to the *Zeitschrift für Assyriologie* (1890) an article on the language of the Mitanni; all three appeared together. There was considerable agreement. Perhaps the most notable of all Sayce's achievements has been his persistent attempt to decipher the hieroglyphs of Asia Minor and Syria, commonly supposed to be Hittite. He began at this in 1876, and has published articles on this most difficult of all unsolved scripts continuously ever since. He assumed from the first that the language of the hieroglyphs of Hamath, Carcemish, and Karabel (in the west of Asia Minor near Ephesus) is identical with the language of the cuneiform tablets of Boghaz-Keui in the sixteenth and fifteenth centuries B.C. His method of determining the ideographic and syllabic values of these hieroglyphs is a long tale and difficult. A popular book by him on the Hittites is *The Hittites: The Story of a Forgotten Empire* (1888), which passed into three editions (1903). But he has made great

progress since, and has now identified nearly all the signs and has translated some of the inscriptions. The present state of Hittite studies is too uncertain to permit of a popular résumé. His system is gaining ground and he is the only one who has succeeded in doing much with the Hittite hieroglyphs. In 1872 he worked at Karian, and published his results in the *Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature*, a work which he pursued in another article, *P.S.B.A.*, 1886, 112-166. His work on this Greek alphabet has become one of the accepted acquisitions of Greek Epigraphy.

Even a bibliography of his books and articles would have filled all the space at my disposal. Perforce much is omitted. His travels and explorations have been extensive and always productive. Any one who wishes to see how brilliant he is in that line is referred to *P.S.B.A.*, 1911, 171-9, 'Notes on an Unexplored District of Northern Syria.' Here his journey from Aleppo to Carcemish, to visit the British excavations at the latter place, is described. Half a dozen Arabic *teks* are identified with ancient Assyrian names mentioned by Shalmanassar, and the geology and palæontology of the region are discussed in the manner of a specialist. The simple account of the work of A. H. Sayce requires no adjectival additions to describe his ability. He became Professor of Assyriology at Oxford in 1891, and resigned in 1914. In 1897 he succeeded Sir P. Le Page Rénouf as President of the Society of Biblical Archæology, a position which he held until that Society was combined with the Royal Asiatic Society (1918).

A raconteur of delightful tales, he possesses a mild humour which is rare in our day. A tale is told of his undergraduate days which may well end this all too brief and imperfect sketch. He belonged then to an exclusive debating society organized for semi-scientific purposes, but some of the members became dubious about its usefulness, and finally one of them proposed to debate on the question as to what the society really existed for. Sayce humorously defined the activity of the society as consisting in throwing pebbles into the ocean of infinity. It ceased to exist after that.

## In the Study.

### *Virginibus Puerisque.*

#### Birthdays of Good Men and Women.

'The love of Christ constraineth us.'—2 Co 5<sup>14</sup>.

THIS month I have been thinking of two birthdays. One was that of a Man—the greatest that ever lived in this world. The other was the birthday of a very good woman whose whole life was bound up in His.

The woman's life was bound up in His because she loved Him; and she spent her whole life trying to become like Him. She was born in a humble home in the town of Aberdeen one December day long ago. Her parents named her Mary. From the time that she was a very little girl her mother kept speaking to her about the wonderful One whose birthday was kept in the same month as her own. Mary heard about Him too at the Sunday school and at church.

She needed a friend. When she was quite young—younger than some of you—her father lost his situation in Aberdeen through drink. It was a sad time for the mother. One can picture her going about her household duties hoping against hope that better days would come; and when at last she grew weary with waiting, the father and the tired mother with their children, Mary among the number, set out for Dundee. Mary was the second eldest of seven, so you can imagine what the party of travellers looked like. It turned out a hard and somewhat hopeless struggle in Dundee. Delicate though the mother was, it was not long before even she had to go out to one of the factories in order to keep up the house, and when only eleven years old Mary was sent to earn her living. Such a little girl could only be what was called a half-timer; that is to say, she worked at the factory half the day, and went to school the other half. But she was clever, and of course she soon grew older. Before long she was a skilled and well-paid worker. Then, her hours were from six in the morning to six at night. All the time she kept thinking and thinking. She was conscious that she did not know much. Like David Livingstone, the great missionary, she carried a book with her to the factory, laid it open at her loom, and glanced at it in her free moments. She even read on her way to and from her work.

But though the home was a sad one, Mary always returned to it sure of her mother's love. The two loved each other all the more that they shared a sorrow with each other; and we may be sure that they never ceased to read and speak to each other about the Friend who became Mary's great pattern.

Thinking about Him, Mary forgot her sorrow, for her heart became full of sunshine. As she meditated upon all He had done for sinful men and women, and remembered His goodness to her mother and herself, she felt she could not do enough for Him. She became a mission Sunday school teacher. Later, she decided to be a missionary and offered herself for the work. Her offer was accepted, and she was sent out to Old Calabar on the west coast of Africa. There she showed how like her great Master she had really become. Her devotion to the savage people among whom she found herself was wonderful. She knew her Master loved them and their little children; and every one who has read Mary Slessor's *Life* knows what she did for the natives and for the little black babies of Calabar. It would be impossible for me to tell you how her gentle influence worked upon the people. Of one place she went to she wrote, 'I am going to a new tribe up country, a fierce, cruel people. Every one tells me they will kill me, but I don't fear any hurt.' Of course she told her Friend everything. 'My great consolation is in prayer,' she added in the letter. Patient almost beyond human endurance amidst all the horrors of savage life, she gained the love of those people who were like untrained children of the slums, but a thousand times more trying.

Occasionally Mary felt homesick. At Christmas, when some of her missionary friends came about her, memories of the old days and her home in Scotland floated through her mind. Do you wonder? But she was happy all the same. Once when she had had a specially delightful Christmas day and she felt her heart overflowing with love to her Master and to those about her, she said, 'Wasn't it good of my Father to give me such a treat?'

Doubtless she thought of the humble home at



Bethlehem where Jesus, her Master, was born. Mary Slessor's religion was one of love. She did not care for great learning. The one book never away from her was the Bible, and when she taught the young people hymns they were simple—just such hymns as you like. I know one Christmas hymn that she would have listened to with pleasure. It is a prayer. I shall read it to you :

Away in a manger, no crib for a bed,  
The little Lord Jesus laid down His sweet head.  
The stars in the bright sky looked down where  
He lay—  
The little Lord Jesus asleep on the hay.

The cattle are lowing, the baby awakes.  
But little Lord Jesus no crying He makes.  
I love Thee, Lord Jesus! look down from the  
sky,  
And stay by my cradle till morning is nigh.

Be near me, Lord Jesus, I ask Thee to stay  
Close by me for ever and love me, I pray;  
Bless all the dear children in Thy tender care,  
And fit us for Heaven, to live with Thee there.<sup>1</sup>

The poor savages among whom she lived came to regard her not merely as a great Christian; they thought of her as a mother. 'Do not cry, do not cry,' said one of the native women when Mary was taken from them. 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow; Ma was a great blessing.' That might be considered humble testimony to her worth, but the Governor-General of Nigeria spoke of Mary Slessor as a heroine.

Let me read to you the closing words of the official notice of her death. 'Miss Slessor has died, as she herself wished, on the scene of her labours, but her memory will live long in the hearts of her friends, native and European, in Nigeria.'

So Mary Slessor really died a rich woman; although the little box sent home after her death contained only a few much-faded articles, there came with it a large packet of letters. These were from Government officials, missionaries, the mothers and sisters of the mission boys and little children. They revealed where her treasures on earth were stored—in the hearts whose love she had won.

She could not help being a missionary. She

<sup>1</sup> Martin Luther, 'Cradle Hymn.'

gave of her best to 'the Friend she loved.' To begin life with a great love in your heart means that when the call comes, you too will be ready to give of your best.

The love of Jesus Christ—what will not that make you do? Perhaps it will make you go to tell others of what He can do for them.

#### The First Christmas Gift.

'They offered unto him gifts.'—Mt 2<sup>11</sup>.

The happy Christmas-time has come round once more, and for the past few weeks there have been little under-currents of excitement in our homes. There have been wonderful mysterious secrets, strange whisperings behind doors, and swift hidings of little bits of work when mother came suddenly and unexpectedly into the room. And there has been much guessing, too, as to what Santa Claus will put into our stockings on Christmas morning.

Now if Jesus Christ had not come down to earth there would have been no Christmas presents. We give each other presents at Christmas-time because it is Jesus' birthday. Long ago the Wise Men brought Him gifts and laid them beside His cradle. But Jesus is no longer the Babe in Bethlehem. So instead of giving Him presents we give them to each other. And we know that when we are making other people happy we are making Him happy too.

I want to talk to you for a little about the Wise Men and their offering.

1. Who were these Wise Men? We really do not know. Out of the mysterious East they came, and into it they disappeared again. Some people say they were three kings who came to pay homage to the King of the Jews, and there is a wonderful legend of how in their old age they were converted to Christianity by the Apostle Thomas. The legend tells us that they went as missionaries to savage tribes, that they were put to death by them, and that, long afterwards, a Frankish king took their bones home with him and buried them in his cathedral at Cologne. But all we really know is that they were Wise Men and that they came out of the East to see Jesus. And that was the very best thing they could have done.

2. But what of the presents the Wise Men brought? Some people have found a special meaning in these three gifts. They say that the

gold was an offering to a King, and the frankincense an offering to God, while the myrrh was a gift for Christ's burial and foretold His death:

Gold a monarch to declare,  
Frankincense that God is there,  
Myrrh to tell the heavier tale  
Of His death and funeral.

Perhaps people have got that idea from the purposes for which frankincense and myrrh were used.

Frankincense is a kind of gum or resin which is got from an Indian tree by slitting the bark. It was mixed with other things to make incense, and this incense was poured upon the offerings which were offered up to God in the Temple and was burned along with them. So the sweet odour of the frankincense rose to God with the prayers of the priests.

Myrrh is also a gum procured from a tree. It is a spice and was used as a perfume, and also in burying the dead. You remember how Nicodemus brought myrrh with him when he came to bury the body of Jesus.

Now I have said that Jesus is no longer a Babe in Bethlehem, and so we give each other presents instead of giving them to Him. But there are some gifts we can still bring to Jesus, gifts that He longs to have.

(1) We can bring Him *gold*. Gold stands for the most precious things. And what is the most precious thing we have. I think it is just our lives. So we can give our lives to Christ's service. We can help to fight the evil that is in the world and in our own hearts. We can help to make the earth better, and sweeter, and brighter. We can use the talents God has given us to make other people happier and wiser. And when we are doing this we are giving Jesus a gift more precious than gold.

(2) We can bring Christ *frankincense*. I think frankincense stands for prayers. And this is an offering Jesus dearly loves. When He was on earth He loved to have the little children gather round His knees, He loved to listen to what they said. And He still loves to gather them round His knees and to listen when they speak to Him.

(3) We can bring Him *myrrh*. Myrrh is used to purify and preserve, and so I think it stands for the things that are purest and most lasting. And what is the thing that is purest and most lasting? I think it is just the love and devotion of our

hearts. For love has conquered sin and death, and lives for ever and ever.

There is a beautiful legend which tells how a little girl in Bethlehem took Jesus a Christmas present. She had heard the story of the Wise Men who had come from far to see the Baby King. And she, too, longed to go and see Him. But she could not visit a king without taking an offering with her, and she had nothing to offer, for she was very, very poor. So she went out with her little bare feet and crept up close to the inn where the Baby was sleeping. And as she stood there in the cold snow she wept because she had nothing to give Him. Then as she wept, out of the snow grew a beautiful white flower whose petals were flushed with pink. It was the first Christmas rose. And the little girl heard a soft voice speaking to her. It was the voice of an angel, and it asked her why she was so sad. She told Him that she longed to see the Baby King and that she had nothing to offer him. Then the angel showed her the beautiful flower that had blossomed at her feet. He bade her pluck it and carry it to the King; and he told her that the beautiful white flower was her pure desire, and the pink flush her heart's love for the Baby.

And that is the gift that Jesus values more than any other—the gift of our love. We may have nothing else to give Him, but if we bring Him that He is content. It is a poor, shabby, little gift at the best, but He does not think it poor or mean. He prizes it above all others, and He glorifies it and makes it beautiful and pure.

The Wise Men came from far to see Jesus, but we have no distance to go to give Him our offering, for He is here in our midst to-day. Just think how glad He will be to tell the angels who sang at His birth, 'I have received the very best Christmas present to-day, for a little child has given Me himself.'

#### Coral.

'They traded with . . . coral.'—Ezk 27<sup>16</sup>.

Here is December, the last month of the year, and it brings us to the last stone in our imaginary talisman. What do you think I have chosen as the last jewel? Why, the very first gem that a child wears—one that I expect most of you knew by sight before you knew it by name—I mean the coral. It used to be the fashion to give babies a



bit of coral to bite on, so that it might help their teeth to cut the gum, and one of the nicest presents for a baby girl is supposed to be a string of coral beads.

Well, I can't tell if you have any corals of your own, but if not, very likely some of your little friends have a string, and at any rate you know corals when you see them. Do you know their story too? It is a sea story—and as wonderful as any fairy tale.

Long, long ago people used to be very puzzled about coral. They thought it was a flower of the sea, but how it came to be so hard they could not tell. The fishermen who brought it up in their nets from the bottom of the ocean said that was easily explained. The coral was soft so long as it was under water, but the moment it reached the air it turned hard as a rock.

But there was one man who wasn't satisfied with that explanation, so he hired a diver to go down and examine the coral at the bottom of the sea. The diver came up and reported that the coral was every bit as hard there as it was above water. When the good man heard this he was so anxious to see if it were true that he actually went down himself to prove it.

Nowadays, thanks to him and all the other wise folk who have studied the subject, we know that the coral is not a flower. It is the skeleton of a little sea animal called a polyp. When it is born this little animal is like a soft pear-shaped piece of jelly. But it doesn't remain long like that. It fastens on to some object on the floor of the ocean—a stone, a bottle, a bit of wrecked ship, or even a cannon ball. Then it begins to grow and harden and spread itself. It draws out of the water carbonate of lime—the stuff of which the oyster makes the pearl—and from the carbonate it grows its bones or frame. It first spreads into a dome shape like an orange cut in half, then it shoots out one little horn after another, till there is a perfect rosette of horns or branches growing from the dome, or foot, as it is called.

But there are corals of other shapes besides the rosette. There are some which look like huge sponges, only you had better not try to wash your face with them! There are others which are fan-shaped, and still others which grow like a set of organ pipes. Some have long branches like the branches of a tree, others still are not unlike a large cauliflower. And you should just see the

colours!—green, white, red, pink, yellow, and black. They make the bed of the ocean look like a gorgeous garden.

Those of you who are fond of stories about pirates, and the South Seas, and treasure trove, have often read of coral islands. Well, these coral islands have all been built by the industrious little coral polyps. Though they are so tiny they have built a reef of 1000 miles in extent along the north-east coast of Australia.

The red and pink gem coral does not come from the South Seas. It is found in the Mediterranean, chiefly off the coasts of Sicily and Corsica. It is taken to Italy and cut and polished there. Some of it is made into round beads, some into oval beads, some of it is left like tiny branches. The larger pieces are cut into cameos for rings or brooches, and the largest pieces of all are made into ornaments, such as umbrella handles. One very curious ornament is made oftener than any other. It is a coral hand. The Italians and the Spaniards and many other races believe that if they wear this little coral hand it will act as a charm to keep away evil. They say that a coral talisman will ward off what they call 'the evil eye.'

That reminds me of the story of an old lady who lived in London during the air raids. She was talking to an officer home from the front who had seen how a bomb could pass through storey after storey of a building and then blow it sky high. The officer asked her if she were nervous. 'Not in the least!' she replied. 'You see I am quite safe, I have put a tarpaulin awning over my house.'

The coral has as much power to protect any one from evil as that tarpaulin awning had to protect the poor old lady's house from bombs.

But, boys and girls, those who believe in things like coral charms are right in this—we do need something to protect us against evil. We need a talisman very badly on our way through this world. We shall meet evil time and again, and as we grow older we shall have many a grim fight with it. What is going to help us? No coral hand, no lucky black cat, no woolly mascot will aid us in that struggle. There is only one talisman that will be of any use, and that is Christ in the heart. If we wear that talisman no evil can befall us. Christ will help us in every battle against what is wrong.

We have had many messages from the different jewels throughout the year, but no message is more

important than the message of the coral: 'Wear the only true talisman.' If we do that all the virtues that the other jewels spoke of will come easily to us.

## The Christian Year.

### THIRD SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

#### The Need of Redemption.

'The whole creation groaneth and travaileth . . . waiting for the adoption, to wit, the redemption of our body.'—Ro 8<sup>22, 23</sup>.

The redemptive character of the Christian religion is our great hope, especially when we compare it with other principles of reconstruction. Therein, in this redemptive character, lies the dynamic energy of Christianity. A redemptive system is a system which postulates, first, that the present condition of things is evil; and, secondly, that this evil is not to be remedied from within, but that a remedy from without is forthcoming.

William James, who certainly was not a Christian, defined the essence of all religion as, first, the sense that something is wrong; and secondly, that this wrong can be put right by making the necessary adjustments with the higher powers. I am not sure that all religion can be got into that formula, but certainly redemptive religion can.<sup>1</sup>

There is a shallow optimism which thinks that the world will come right without redemption. The war has put an end to that optimism. Certain notions once popular have been destroyed by it. The intellectual baggage for life's cabin passage, which a little while ago did duty, has been torpedoed.

1. First and foremost, men have learned the reality of evil. Men used to say that evil was ignorance, or that it was imperfection, or arrested development, or the survival of animal instinct, or even that it was mere illusion, the inevitable error of a limited and partial view, but that from the point of view of God there was no such thing as evil. Now the world has seen it in 'all the naked horror of the truth.' Evil is the chosen idol of a will self-absorbed and worshipping its own fancies. Other errors this age may make and will make. All kinds of different schemes for salvation it may embrace. One thing it will not do: it will not deny that salvation in some form is a need of the world; nor will it assert that evil is an illusion, a

tremor of the imagination. The world knows evil and feels it, as it has not for generations. It suspects it for what it is—love turned the wrong way.

2. Secondly, the notion of progress—progress automatic and inevitable—has gone. There is a right sense in which we can talk of human progress: there certainly is. Yet the war with an enemy, more fiendish and brutal and treacherous than the worst days of barbarism, has shown how false is that idea of the last age, that the world gets better of itself, like a child growing in its sleep. Tennyson bade men 'move upward, working out the beast, and let the ape and tiger die.' Such appeals ring false now because the ape and tiger are so far preferable to the 'All Highest,' and still more so to the intellectual apologists of his scheme. For the remarkable thing is, as the French Ambassador pointed out in speaking of *la barbarie pédante*, not a certain amount of barbarous action—presumably that takes place in all war—but the intellectual backing which such actions have had, and the definite command on the part of the highest authorities among the enemy.

3. Thirdly, and closely connected with the last point, even more patently false than the doctrine of natural goodness and inevitable progress, is the doctrine that all necessary amelioration can be effected by culture. Education increases the power of a nation or an individual to manipulate the world. A man knows more and knows better what he wants. He has more command of the means to attain his wants. He has learned the self-control needful to wait and to set aside subsidiary aims; but a man does not, because he is educated, necessarily have nobler aims than others, and he may be more and not less conscienceless. Germany has shown us with less of grace and refinement what Europe in the fifteenth century learned from some of the Renaissance princes and popes.<sup>2</sup>

### FOURTH SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

#### The Fact of Redemption.

'The whole creation groaneth and travaileth . . . waiting for the adoption, to wit, the redemption of our body.'—Ro 8<sup>22, 23</sup>.

This is the ground of hope for the Christian religion: the world not only needs but feels the

<sup>1</sup> J. N. Figgis, *Hopes for English Religion*.

<sup>2</sup> J. N. Figgis, *Ibid*.



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need of redemption; it does not always use the word. But if we are to realize this hope, we must fulfil certain conditions.

1. First of all, this redemptive character of the Christian faith must not be slurred over; to use technical language, the theology of grace must be emphasized, the sense that it is not of him that willeth, or him that runneth; but God from whom comes all help and power—the picture of the gospel as light to a world in darkness, or, more accurately, a spar to a man drowning in a rough sea, and not merely the thought of religion as the guarantee of man's own higher thought, or the sanction of honourable living, or of social piety. It is that, but it is much more than that. What the world needs is help; it feels that it cannot help itself alone, and if it can only believe it is ready to recognize that power from beyond which shall tell us that 'our warfare is accomplished, our sin is pardoned.'

People are afraid sometimes to talk about the forgiveness of sins, but it is what we all want now. In the last age the Atonement was not denied; it was taken for granted. Conversion, definite conversion, very often was denied. Men thought of the Incarnation as the central truth, and that if they concentrated upon that all the rest would follow. Unfortunately, what has followed this thrusting aside of the Atonement has been an increasing hesitation about the worship of Jesus as Lord. Make people think of Jesus as Saviour, and they will soon worship Him as Lord. Make Him only the Lord of all good life, and they will begin to think of Him merely as the embodiment of the moral ideal, and gradually, almost without knowing it, to lose sight of His transcendent nature. It is Jesus as our Saviour who always wins men, and always will do, except the virtuous few, the 'moral gentlemen,' upon whom Dr. Forsyth casts scorn. But what men need is 'that strange Man upon the Cross,' God supreme, not in power, but in humility and suffering and submission. 'I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me.'

2. Along with the Cross, we must emphasize the unique character of our religion. Sometimes we hear that the war has shown the bankruptcy of the Christian Church. That is nonsense. What it has shown is the bankruptcy of all other ways of life. Ever since the Renaissance people have been excluding Christianity from any influence on

public life, or intellectual ideals. Christendom was a fact in the Middle Ages; now it is no more than a geographical expression, if it be so much. The war was provoked by the universal prevalence, in industrial no less than in international relations, of ideals and methods which not even its enemies would call Christian; and so it has proved the death of all hopes for the world based upon pure naturalism.

3. Lastly, the Alexandrian age of English religion has closed—the period dominated by Westcott; that method of assimilation and culture (the same sort of motive that inspired Clement of Alexandria and others of the Greek fathers) has come to an end. It did a very valuable work, but we have passed that stage. The growth of influential systems of thought and inspirers of action which not only deny creeds but repudiate Christian ideals of life has forced upon us the realization of our distinctness, our unique quality as Christians. All high ideals ultimately have their sanction in the Christian Church, and without that support will soon decay; just in the same way as the ancient world on its better side was feeling after a system of life only fulfilled in completeness by the gospel. But we must not take these things as the measure of our aim. In the same way the philosophy of the Cross of Christ was precisely the same as the philosophy that we see now fulfilled so wonderfully in the sacrifice of those who died for us at the Front. But although it is the same, it is a great deal more, and bigger.

Frank paganism is now proclaimed by some; others throw scorn upon every object of Christian reverence, even the character of our Lord. It is clear that we must realize our own unique position; we must present our Faith as desirable because it is different from other things, and not in spite of the fact. Too many people have been inclined to argue that there can be no harm in accepting Christianity, because it is just the same as all high moral ideals. We want its distinct beauty and colour, and that is what the world wants, though some will reject it. To that end we need more and more to feed upon the Bible.

That is the great help for us in England. The Bible is not so well known or read as it used to be, apart from students. The great tradition, the atmosphere of Scripture, is still with the masses. Quotations still are made quite naturally. This is more so, I think, with the great masses of men than it is with the most highly educated. But if we are to bring out these qualities, the redemptive, the apocalyptic, the unique nature of the Catholic religion, we need more and more to dwell upon the words and the pictures of Scripture; not upon any summary of the philosophy of religion or the ideals of Christianity, but the pictures of

Jesus in the Gospels, or that wonderful picture of the heart and mind of that great human being St. Paul, or the sublime, almost unearthly vision of St. John. It is often the best hope for any one who is in doubt about his faith to get him to read the First Epistle of St. John.<sup>1</sup>

### EPIPHANY.

#### Jesus the Saviour.

'Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved.'—Ac 4<sup>12</sup>.

Truth is exclusive, it denies and shuts out its opposite. The greater the truth, the greater the realm in which it refuses rivalry. So Christ, as Saviour, stands alone; there can be no rivalry in functions so august and supreme. We do not ignore other gracious ministries that are the gift of culture and civilization; there are other voices that tell us much about God; but when it comes to that Fatherhood which is conscious and blessed salvation, Christ stands alone. He is more than all others, above all others. He alone is the way, and to abide in Him is to dwell in God.

Read the story of the sainthood of any age, and it always has this feature—intensity of faith that is narrow and sometimes cruel; it is jealous for its Lord and for its version of His gospel, but at the same time its delight is to serve through sacrifice and hideous suffering and loss that it may heal the sick, save the erring, and rescue the poorest. It is a paradox of history that the narrow faith most often goes with the open heart.

1. It was this exclusiveness of the gospel in which its offence in large part consisted. Even the Jew might have been persuaded to accept Jesus as a Rabbi, teaching a way to God; and the Gentiles in that syncretistic age would have welcomed with acclamation such a teacher among the multitude of their other masters. But neither Jesus nor His followers would accept such an assignment. He and they alike claimed for Him the sole empire over salvation and would brook no fellow by His side.

The teachers of apostolic days never placed Jesus alongside the world's teachers and prophets as though they would claim for Him a place in the shining circle of the world's elect souls. They claimed for Him, not a place, but *the* place. He stood alone. The only fellowship they knew was that which gathered round His feet. This was always their message, distinctive and clear. They confronted an

age which believed in bringing all the gods together, and in tolerating them all, and to that temper of mind they said, There is no other name but that of Jesus whereby we must be saved. Search the New Testament from end to end, and you will not find a hint of compromise about the supremacy and uniqueness of Jesus.<sup>2</sup>

2. The modern mind, however, shrinks almost instinctively from the saying, 'There is none other.' We regard it as belonging more to certain exclusive types of religious life than to the main stream of Christian opinion. It is heard from the lips of preachers who make the gospel an aggressive attack upon the individual soul, threatening pains and penalties unless it is received. Naturally the truths of the New Testament become remote and unreal when they are associated in our minds with little sections of religious thought and life for which on general grounds we have but little liking.

The age in which we live has toleration for one of its watchwords. Men no longer cast us to the lions when we proclaim Jesus the only Saviour the world can know, His name the only name under heaven given among men wherein they must be saved. But the world of to-day endures with no more real patience than that older world two thousand years ago the arrogance of such lofty claims. This is, above all others that have preceded it, the day of eager and appreciative study of other faiths; and equally with the others that have preceded it, the day of indifference, if not hostility, to the high claims of Jesus.

There is a circumstance in the movement now going on at Benares which is well worth our notice here. It had been the usual practice of European teachers to ignore all Hindoo philosophy, to tell the natives that they had no science of their own, and then to invite them to begin from the beginning in European method.

There was something very unconciliatory, almost insulting, in thus treating a people who knew how to calculate the stars in ages when our own ancestors were painting themselves blue, and worshipping the oak and the mistletoe in the forest with the most barbarous and inhuman rites. Dr. Ballantyne has, I am told, pursued a very different process. He first went to school to the pundits, and then asked the pundits to come to school to him. He learned all their science, and sounded all their philosophy; and then, taking them up at the point where they could go no further, he opened to them regions beyond, and led them forward to the light of truth.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>2</sup> S. M. Berry, in *Problems of To-morrow, Social, Moral, and Religious*, 135.

<sup>3</sup> *Memorials of the Life and Letters of Major-General Sir Herbert B. Edwards, K.C.B., K.C.S.I.*, i. 305.

<sup>1</sup> J. N. Figgis, *Hopes for English Religion*.



In one particular would we emphasize the presence of the present. We are being forced upon the enormous power for good or evil and up in every real belief. It was only in a world where belief seemed to be a theoretical thing; that men could say, 'It doesn't matter what I believe.' We see differently now, because there are beliefs abroad in the world which are making a wilderness of civilization. Ideas are our pathways, sometimes slow and tortuous paths, to actions.

Sometimes men have taught 'belief in the Name' as a formal thing, as though a man could repeat a name as a sign that his soul is saved. The truth is infinitely larger and greater than that. It defies every instinct of reason to imagine that the division among men lies between those who take themselves the Name of Jesus and those who refuse to do so. The real division lies between those who look to Jesus as the standard of living, and those who give to the world the truth about God and the life and duty of man, and those who look to another standard. We believe that this can be both preached and practised without any hint of intolerance. There is a light of God which is given to all men; there is a work of God in all the religions of the world; there is a Providence who does not limit Himself by the bounds of our narrow doctrines. But there is a Christ who is the one Light and Life of men. Every man in the world is a reflexion of His light, and in the Christian revelation of the Word made flesh there is an answer to what the souls of all men are reaching out to attain.

When Sir Joshua Reynolds delivered, many years ago, in the City of London, a series of addresses or lectures on art, he took four statues, known as night, morning, noon, midnight, the four seasons of the day—the middle of the night, the middle of the day, the dawning of the morning and the middle of the evening. Marvellous statues they are. He took those four statues for a whole course of lectures in London, and when he was through he closed in this manner. He said, 'And now, gentlemen, I have lectured to you during this entire season, and I beg now, in the close of my lecture, to bring before you one name only, the name of Michael Angelo.'<sup>1</sup>

Is the Christ for us the Name above all others? Is there any urgency in our own personal devotion and adoration? Do we bring the fire and passion of that belief into our praise and prayer and service? The great and victorious life is the Christ-filled life. There is no other secret. It is the secret which the world is waiting and longing. Let us keep it

burning in our hearts and at our altars so that we may be ready when the darkness passes from the earth and the dawn of a new day is at hand.<sup>2</sup>

## FIRST SUNDAY OF THE EPIPHANY.

### What shall we do?

'Now when they heard this, they were pricked in their heart, and said unto Peter and the rest of the apostles, Brethren, what shall we do? And Peter said unto them, Repent ye, and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ unto the remission of your sins; and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost. For to you is the promise, and to your children, and to all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call unto him.'—Ac 2<sup>27-39</sup>.

1. If Peter's sermon is given substantially as he delivered it, we cannot but note the courage with which he, who had declared 'I know not the man,' proclaims that God had made Him 'both Lord and Christ'; and this in the city in which He had so recently been condemned to death as a malefactor. The Jewish rulers had shown no signs of remorse for their action, and the rancour with which they had pursued the Master was likely to be exercised against His followers. Yet there is no shrinking on Peter's part. If all had ended in the Crucifixion, if there had been no Resurrection, his conduct is inexplicable. And again we are struck with his grasp of Biblical truth. We know what Peter had been but seven weeks before. Now he has grasped the Divine purpose in history, and sees that the ages are not unrelated days, but are all one in the scheme of God. The fisherman might know the letter of the Scriptures; but whence came this insight into their spirit? The only possible explanation lies in the fact that between his past and this speech comes the Pentecostal gift.

2. The Jews that listened to the sermon were for the most part sincerely religious. They had come from far-off lands to worship at the temple in Jerusalem, and they loved the Scriptures to which Peter appealed for proofs that Jesus was the Christ. They were deeply impressed. As they listened, the hearts of stone turned to hearts of flesh and were pricked to the quick with the stinging sense of sin. Though many of them cannot have had any direct share in the death of Jesus, yet they felt that what their own people had

<sup>2</sup> S. M. Berry, in *Problems of To-morrow, Social, Moral, and Religious*, 144.

done, and they themselves had approved, was something to be ashamed of. There was a general cry of distress, 'What shall we do?'

Peter was ready with his answer. He called them to repentance and to testimony, to open confession of Jesus Christ by baptism.

The beginning of the spiritual life seems just to consist in a consciousness of complete failure, and that consciousness ever grows deeper. This is well illustrated in Browning's account of Caponsacchi; from the time when Pompilia's smile first 'glowed' upon him, and set him—

Thinking how my life

Had shaken under me,—broke short indeed

And showed the gap 'twixt what is, what should be,—

And into what abysm the soul may slip.

3. Then comes the gentle and tender word: 'For the promise is unto you and to your children.' How gentle Peter could be. When you heard Him in thunder-tones, saying, 'Repent!' you said, 'Harsh man; austere preacher.' Now, when the people are in a right state of mind, and really want to know what to do, having told them what to do, he breathes upon them the very benediction of God. He says, 'There is a promise for you;

there is grace in store for you.' When God spoke some of His tenderest words you were in His heart at the time, and your children were there. 'The promise is yours. Come and take it, and even earth be almost in heaven!

4. 'Make disciples of all the nations by baptizing them in the words of our Lord. 'Be baptized, every one of you, for the promise is to you and to your children, and to all that are afar off,' is St. Peter's application of this passage. St. Peter's language admits of various interpretations. Like much of Scripture, the speaker, when uttering these words meant probably one thing, while the words themselves mean something much wider, more catholic and universal. When Peter spake thus he proclaimed the world-wide character of Christianity just as when he quoted the prophet Joel's language he declared the mission of the Comforter in its most catholic aspect, embracing Gentiles as well as Jews. 'I will pour out my Spirit upon all flesh.' But St. Peter never thought of the full scope of his words. He meant, doubtless, the promise of pardon, and acceptance, and citizenship in the heavenly kingdom was to the Jews that were present in Jerusalem, and to their children, and to all of the Jews of the dispersed scattered afar off among the Gentiles.

## Thirty Years of New Testament Criticism.

By PROFESSOR THE REVEREND JAMES MOFFATT, D.LITT., D.D., GLASGOW.

IN 1889, when the first volume of THE EXPOSITORY TIMES appeared, Dr. Westcott had just issued his commentary on Hebrews. Westcott's interests were not in the Old Testament, but he declared that he thought it 'likely that study will be concentrated on the Old Testament in the coming generation.' That anticipation was partly, but only partly, realized. The recent publication of *Lux Mundi* had set afire the controversy over the Higher Criticism which blazed round the Old Testament. Canon Driver's great contribution, in his *Introduction to the Literature of the Old Testament*, which came out in 1891, accentuated the interest, and had the rare merit of stimulating popular intelligence and at the same time of indicating fresh lines of research. But it was not

long before the critical issues were recognized and have a bearing upon the New Testament as well. Dr. Gore's famous essay in *Lux Mundi*, upon 'Inspiration,' made this inevitable by asserting that the words of Jesus could not be taken as foreclosing certain critical views, e.g. about the 110th Psalm. Such an admission roused Canon Liddon's dismay and wrath, but it had a not lasting effect. For a time the fascination of the Old Testament literary and historical research absorbed most students of the Bible in this country. Then the range of interest widened; it was realized that the Tübingen school raised real issues, and the New Testament writers became involved. For nearly thirty years have been the subject of persistent, minute,



study. How has the situation developed? where has it left us to-day? Such are the questions which I am asked to answer in out-

line alteration in outlook has been great, greater than most of us at first realize. To measure it, the simplest way is to recall the massive controversies which have marked the advance of the science of New Testament criticism. Controversy is a good thing in intellectual matters. It educates the public, and it clarifies the mind. It has acquired a bad name in religion and in theology, but controversy need not be quarrelling; it is the examination and investigation of some more or less crucial problem, conducted by opposite sides of opinion, with the desire of arriving at the exact truth, of clearing away misapprehensions, of brushing off prejudices, and of determining whether traditional views are adequate to the larger synthesis required by the discovery of new facts. 'The dust of controversy,' said Carlyle, 'what is it but the falsehood flying off from all manner of conflicting true forces?' Even when the issue appears absurd, and eventually seems absurd, something is gained. Fresh conviction flows to the position which has been intelligently assailed. And often some new set of facts is forced upon the unwilling attention of scholars; they are obliged to take account of details which have been unduly ignored, or of considerations which have emerged since the traditional position was drawn up. At any rate controversy is an end of indolent acquiescence in accepted ideas. And indolence is our worst enemy, even inside what is true and right. There is no progress possible without a readiness to restate old positions and to re-open some questions. It is not error which opposes the advance of truth, it is indolence,' said Turgot, 'obstinacy, the habit of routine, everything that favours inaction.' Which is as true of theology as of politics.

By the year 1889 it seemed to many, like Dr. Westcott, that the problems of New Testament criticism had been fairly settled. The violent controversy over 'Supernatural Religion' appeared to have gone in favour of Lightfoot. No more was to be said. But appearances were deceitful. The controversy was soon to be raised again, over the whole field of the New Testament literature, and with such energy on both sides that in looking back from the standpoint of to-day we are

astonished at the change that has come over the entire situation. The truth is, factors were emerging in the study of ancient civilization and in historical discipline that were bound to tell upon the study of books like those of the New Testament. 'A classical scholar turned fifty,' says Professor Burnet, 'can barely recognise the studies of his youth, and finds it harder every day to keep up with the advance of knowledge in his department. Excavation, especially in Crete, and the recovery of papyri from the sands of Egypt have not only transformed our outlook upon the Mediterranean civilization, of which ours is the lineal descendant, but have given us the inspiring feeling that some new truth of first-rate importance may come to light any day.' New Testament criticism has shared in this transformation to some extent. The setting of the New Testament literature in its age, against the background and upon the soil of the religious movements surging through the first century in Hellenism and Judaism, is one of the vital gains of the past three decades. Particularly in connexion with Paul's theology and letters, and also with the Johannine literature in Asia Minor. The papyri themselves have not yielded very much in the way of actual literary discoveries, nothing equal in importance, e.g., to the *Didachê*. The rubbish heaps in Egypt have done more for the classical scholar than for us. We can still entertain the hope that a copy of Papias's *Logia* may turn up some day. If it did, it would help to settle several disputed questions. But the main use of the papyri has been in the region of language, and their very character, as unliterary productions for the most part, has given them value. The grammar of the New Testament Greek has had to be re-written. To a small extent, textual criticism has also been affected by them. The Westcott and Hort theory has not been substantially shaken by the newer textual criticism, but there seems to be a tendency to modify it in one or two points. Thus, the so-called Western text would appear to be rather earlier than Hort allowed, and the Egyptian affinities of the Neutral text are stronger than he supposed. Still, such results of the new setting are nothing compared with the broader effect, the focussing of the mind upon the New Testament literature as part and parcel of the religious situation in the first century. Contributions have poured in from classical philologists, students of

comparative religion, and archæologists. The older view that the New Testament represented something apart in language and form has finally disappeared along with the theory of verbal inspiration, and with the abandonment of such false claims to isolation the uniqueness of the collection as a religious phenomenon has become all the more marked.

One result of all this has been an awakening sense of the relations between the primitive Christian tradition and Hellenistic religion, especially as regards the mysteries, the religious philosophy of the age, and the ethical movements, which powerfully affected the popular mind. But this Hellenistic atmosphere was impregnated with Orientalism, and a corresponding interest has been stirred in the relations between the early Church and Judaism. Originally this broke out in the study of Paul's religious affinities. How far was he indebted to the Greeks? How far to his rabbinic training? But the discussion soon passed over into the investigation of the Gospels, and it has left us to-day with one of the most pressing problems in our subject. The revival of interest in rabbinic Judaism during the first and second centuries was one by-product of the older preoccupation with apocalyptic literature. Both lines of study have contributed to a fuller appreciation of the teaching of Jesus in form and spirit. The apocalyptic background has been studied with extraordinary care. Probably we have exhausted that field, so far as it offers materials for the understanding of the Gospels. Unless more materials are discovered, I doubt if any valuable gains are to be expected in that quarter. It is in the field of rabbinic learning that there is more likelihood of progress, especially now that Jewish scholars themselves are at last alive to the need of making the materials more accessible and of giving some help in evaluating their contents. The danger of uncritical extremes is, of course, upon us. The exaggerated importance assigned by some to the apocalyptic movement, as if that completely accounted for Jewish piety in the days of Jesus and Paul, has been succeeded by an equally uncritical significance attached to Midrashic and early rabbinic traditions. But we shall arrive before long at a proper appreciation of the true conflicting forces in the controversy. It is a gain, at any rate, to have the issues sharply stated, and the student to-day is in a far better

position than he has ever been for handling early tractates in reliable editions.

It was in the region of apocalyptic studies that the first of the great controversies of our period was roused; I mean, the discussion over the 'Son of Man' title. How far did that representative idea applied to Jesus in the Gospels, and how far, if at all, did He apply it to Himself? And did Paul avoid it? This controversy blew up without yielding very satisfactory results, when one considers the amount of time and paper spent upon it. Was it a Messianic title? Did it involve the associations suggested by Daniel and Enoch? Such questions were asked, but they could not be answered adequately till the problem was lifted into a wider range.

This came with the Eschatological controversy which was really begun by the publication, in 1878, of Johannes Weiss's *Predigt Jesu* (second edition). Weiss was the one theological genius of that generation in German New Testament theology, and the impulse he gave to this particular question was in the right direction. Once the extremists had stated their case on both sides, the readjustment became possible. It was recognized that there was a shortening of the time-view on the part not only of the primitive Church but of Jesus Himself. The bearing of this upon the conception of what Jesus intended and taught was fully appreciated, and the statement is still being worked out. In spite of Loisy, the purpose of Jesus is now generally admitted to have been quite devoid of political propaganda; in fact, its apocalyptic or zealot character is fairly obvious. In spite of writers like Father Tyrrell, it is equally impossible to believe that Jesus regarded Himself as the mysterious Son of Man, the superhuman being who was to come down from the clouds and with shattering forces inaugurate a celestial revolution. These extravagances have proved as untenable as the moral valuation which was content to hold that the apocalyptic material in the Gospels is a troublesome, accidental element, and that the moral doctrine is the one thing needful. This long controversy is beginning to restore the true proportions of the eschatology in the historical teaching of Jesus. We must recognize evidence that Jesus did anticipate an immediate coming of the Kingdom in some sense, and endeavour to face what that admission involves for the significance of His teaching and the development of



early Church. As regards the former, the issue is: What is required to explain the consciousness of Jesus as the Divine Son, if neither rabbinic piety nor apocalyptic ecstasy accounts for it? As regards the latter, the problem is: Did Paul give the real start to early Christianity in its theological adventures? How far does the primitive Church require to be considered, in understanding, for example, the early significance of the eschatology or of a title like 'Lord'? Was it Paul who detached the early Church from Judaism and gave it a career in the larger Greek sphere by translating the original eschatological gospel into something which was capable of meeting the demands of the outside world?

Such problems were being dimly felt, and the outcome was the 'Paul and Jesus' controversy, which went on, partly as an effect of the eschatological conflict, partly in independence of it. Was Paul independent of Jesus? Or was he acquainted with His main teaching? By this time the older van Manen hypothesis that Paul had never existed, and that his Epistles were later fabrications, had disappeared fortunately from serious criticism. Even its belated re-appearance in the pages of the *Encyclopædia Biblica* did no harm—except to that excellent work. The historicity of Paul and the authenticity of most of his Epistles were now axiomatic. But the more clearly this was recognized, the more sharp seemed the differences between the apostle and Jesus, the more difficult it appeared to give an intelligible account of the rise of Paulinism on the basis of the Synoptic teaching. No controversy during our period has been so fruitful. And the problem is still with us, in spite of the admirable contributions to it in whole or part. Nine years ago Schweitzer could assert that 'present-day criticism is far from having explained how Paulinism and Greek theology have arisen out of the teaching of Jesus.' The explanation has not yet been fully given. Probably the best hope of advance lies in a broadening of the issue, and in a closer appreciation of the middle factor, the religious consciousness of the primitive Church, for which, unfortunately, our literary documents are so scanty.

The 'Paul and Jesus' controversy made it almost inevitable that the question should be raised, Did Jesus ever exist? Can the theology of Paul be reconciled with the existence of such a Jesus as the Synoptic Gospels portray? The

controversy came. It still can be heard in stray quarters of amateur criticism, by writers who make play with the myth-forming faculty, which is supposed to have created Jesus as it created Osiris and Dionysus. One good it did, and that was to call out some excellent statements of the historical evidence, and to discredit the reckless methods employed by the sceptical school. Otherwise the theory is as dead for serious work as the Baconian theory about Shakespeare. It was a cloud, and it passed.

What all this discussion has brought out may be described thus. (a) It illustrates the danger as well as the need of using methods of comparative religion in dealing with the New Testament. This is obvious in the hasty attempts to identify Paulinism with a Christianized version of the mystery-religions, or to treat the Gospels as Father Tyrrell did, as if Jesus really attached much more importance to sacraments than to morality, or to discover the root of Christianity not in the historical Jesus but in some Christ-idea. Abuses like these are, like measles, almost inevitable in the youth of a new method. But they ought not to discredit the method itself. (b) Again, the basis of Christianity, as disclosed by the New Testament, lies in the historical Jesus, not in Paul or any other. So much is clear. Yet, if Paul, as Wellhausen declared, 'was really the man who best understood the Master and carried on His work,' how are we to understand that Master, putting His own words beside the interpretation of the Pauline theology? Was Paul at any rate the founder of Christian theology, as distinct from Christian religion? Or was there something in the message of Jesus which was a real germ for the redemptive interpretation of Paulinism? No thoughtful student of the New Testament can say that the last word has been spoken on this subject. Some false tracks have been explored and abandoned. Some hints of the true direction have been given. But we may anticipate advances in the immediate future.

I have barely referred to the literary criticism. Here the prospects are narrower, because so much attention has been given to the critical forms of the literature that less remains to be done. The Two Document hypothesis of the Synoptic Gospels is fairly sea-worthy. It has stood several storms, and weathered them. The problem of the Fourth Gospel has reached the stage when, with almost

unanimous consent, scholars are agreed that recourse must be had to some theory of its composite origin, and less unanimously that its tradition or one of its sources may be connected with the Apostle John. The only Epistles of Paul which are still disputed, as regards authorship, are the Pastorals and Ephesians, and the literary problems of the others are of minor interest. It is not easy to anticipate very much fresh work along these lines. The one book which is evidently going to excite fresh discussion is Acts. Here the problem of Semitic sources awaits discussion in the light of linguistic research, just as in the case of the Apocalypse.

If I had to sketch the probable direction of New Testament criticism during the next period, indicating its needs and prospects, I should sum up the position thus. The past thirty years have brought us to a point at which the following matters require fresh treatment. (a) The precise nature of pseudonymity in literary matters, during the first century. (b) The presence of non-primitive elements in the New Testament itself; I mean, the question of tendencies in Matthew which point to a theological interpretation of Jesus and to a recognition of what were afterwards called 'counsels of perfection' in the ethical teaching, the question of powers assigned to apostles in Acts and in the Pastorals, the question of 'sacramental' tendencies in the Fourth Gospel and even in Paulinism, and so forth. The New Testament includes several elements of this kind. It is inadequate to blur them over, and as inadequate to assume cheerfully that they were a necessary part of the evolution of the primitive Christian gospel, the assimilation of an organic spirit working on its environment. (c) The economic factors in primitive Christianity, as hinted at by the New Testament, need a fuller treatment than they have received. This partly follows from (b), since there is little doubt that Luke, for example, has over-stressed the sayings of Jesus about riches and poverty. (d) A new edition of Wettstein is required, or something to take the place of his rare edition. It would be an onerous work, requiring co-operation, but it is wanted. (e) With commentaries we are well supplied, for the most part, but a critical edition of the Fourth Gospel in English would be a boon and a blessing, if it were equipped like Lagrange's *Mark* or J. Weiss' *1 Corinthians*. (f) We are also

without any satisfactory work, in English, on John the Baptist; there is ample room for a critical monograph on his revival movement in connexion with Judaism and with early Christianity. (g) Probably the newer psychology, with its training in the methods of valuing psychic phenomena, will prove of use in the historical appreciation of data like the miraculous narratives and the phenomena of visions; along this line, delicate but central, much work waits to be done.

These suggestions do not profess to be at all exhaustive. I merely put down one or two that occur to me at the moment as being urgent. In any department, especially in textual criticism and in theology, New Testament study can be enriched by contributions even upon themes which have been written about endlessly. But one thing ought to be laid on the conscience of all who care for the New Testament, and that is the duty of fostering the study of Greek in the next generation. Modern educational reforms are making this more and more difficult, in schools and even in colleges. It is far less easy to-day to secure a knowledge of the Greek language than it was thirty years ago, in those who are the hope of theology. How the interest in classical studies is to be revived remains a problem, but it is certain that unless efforts are made by competent authorities there will be fewer and fewer students in our theological colleges who are qualified to appreciate the New Testament at first hand, much less to carry forward its interpretation. Perhaps one way of inducing the younger generation to take up Greek seriously, not simply Hellenistic Greek but classical Greek (after which Hellenistic Greek is not grievous), would be to show what the New Testament and classical Greek have in common. For example, Greek literature at its best and the New Testament on every page both deal frankly with life; they are in different ways healthy antidotes to any weak sentimentalism. The New Testament is often preached in a tone that suggests the very opposite; some sayings of Jesus are isolated, the idea of Christian love is evaporated of moral content, and—largely due to Renan—the primitive Church is represented in a mood of provincialism and pathos, like an old woman bending over a jar to inhale the fragrance of withered roses. Nothing is more remote from the truth. The sentimentalizing spirit, a bad effect of the wholesome movement which we call



romanticism, is totally out of keeping with the New Testament, and also—this is the point I wish to make—with Greek literature. Neither has anything for the dilettante or for the pedant, though the dilettante and the pedant have frequently tried to lay hands on both. As Mr. Livingstone puts it, in his acute book on *The Greek Genius*, ‘there are two literatures in the world which are at war with this spirit; they are very different in their conclusions, for they start from widely different presuppositions, but they are very much alike in their determination to see things as they are. One of these is Greek literature, the other is the New Testament. Both to the early Christians and to the Greeks life was too real a thing to be surrendered to sentiment and sham.’ Greek literature resisted the temptation to unreality which sprang out of the artistic temperament; the New Testament resisted the religious temptation to unreality, and the one is as subtle as the other in its tendency to seek consolation in unreal fancies, to pose, to be affected either in disclaiming or in expressing moral passion. The severe criticism to which the New Testament has been subjected during the past thirty years has made it impossible to regard this collection of books as a mosaic of texts to be fitted into proofs of dogmas. But it has also done away with the notion that the New Testament is the

book of a timid, conventional little society which shrank from contact with the facts of life and sheltered itself behind pretty fancies about God and the world. It was not written for such persons, nor by such persons. Its writers are not self-conscious artists, and its audience is not a handful of dainty, sentimental spirits, who hesitate to face living issues. There is no pathos in the New Testament, in the sense of a weak, regretful, affected attitude to life. The pathetic thing about the New Testament is the way in which it has sometimes been perverted into a book for people whom the apostles would have found it difficult to recognize as alive at all. Whatever the next thirty years bring, in the shape of critical methods and results, one is safe to predict that they will more and more leave honest students with the impression that this is a literature which is never tired, and therefore never eccentric or affected. You may grow old as you work at it, but in this little collection of Greek books you discover what classical students find in Greek literature, not simply the satisfaction of dealing with the sources, which is always freshening to the mind, but a spirit of youthfulness, a moral reality, a vitality, a directness, a refusal to evade great issues, which more than repays any trouble spent upon the language.

## Entre Nous.

### THE CHRISTIAN MINISTRY.

#### Self-respect.

I. ‘I RECENTLY listened to two distinguished scholars who occupy important chairs in the University of Berlin. One appeared in rusty garments and soiled linen, while he droned away in a lifeless fashion for nearly an hour. The sight roused in me an instinctive resentment. I felt that his appearance was an insult to his hearers, and that it betokened a want of self-respect, however far these things may have been present to his conscious thought. They ought to have been present to him. There is an everlasting incongruity between great learning and dirty collars. The other man held an equally high rank in scholarship, but he was dressed in faultless taste. His neck was clean,

his linen was immaculate. His beard was closely cropped and carefully brushed, his coat was closely buttoned. He was “a gentleman and a scholar.” There was nothing foppish about him; he was simply a clean, wholesome man who had a keen perception of the fitness of things. It was a pleasure to look at him, and he spoke as he looked, with freedom, exactness, and fiery animation.’

The story is told by Dr. A. J. F. Behrends, one of the Yale Lecturers on Preaching. Notice the words ‘it betokened a want of self-respect.’ But has the ambassador to think of himself? Is ‘self-respect’ a word proper to one who beseeches men *in Christ’s stead*? The Bishop of Durham thinks it quite proper, and who has a finer sense of ambassadorship than he? By ‘self-respect’ he

dares to translate the Greek word *αἰδώς*. That word occurs only once in the New Testament; for the best text throws it out of He 12<sup>28</sup>, where it is rendered in the A.V. by 'reverence.' The single occurrence is 1 Ti 2<sup>9</sup>, in reference to the adornment of women: 'shamefacedness' being the A.V. translation (R.V. 'shamefastness').

Dr. Moule speaks of it as 'that noble pre-Christian ethical term which lay ready and waiting to be glorified by the Gospel.' How so, if it is used in the New Testament but once? It is used but once because it falls within that greater word which means reverence toward God. It is no longer, as in classical Greek, a word standing by itself and expressing an attitude that is simply human and self-regarding. In the New Testament self-respect is the attitude of the man or woman who has been bought with a price and now belongs to another. And the very rarity of its use is a sign of the completeness of the change wrought by the new relationship. If one is still to be encouraged to have self-respect, the encouragement is to something very much finer than the old pagan virtue, however homely the encouragement may be.

Dr. Moule's is as homely as Dr. Behrends'. 'Let the man be seen by those who are about him, and who in one way or another wait on him, to be *quite simple while quite refined* in ways and habits; to be active and wholesome in the hours he keeps; to hold self-indulgence under a strong bridle (shall I say, not least the self-indulgence which cannot do without the stimulant and without *the pipe*?); and he will be in a fair way to commend his message indoors. Let him be seen, without the least affectation, but unmistakably, to find his main interests, within doors as well as without, in his Lord and His cause and work; to be the avowed Christian at all hours; and he will be doing hourly work for Christ.'

2. But the ambassador for Christ may go further. Paul exhorted Timothy to suffer no man to despise him, and Dr. Behrends in another place of his book on *The Philosophy of Preaching*, says he exhorted him to maintain his self-respect. And he makes the modern application: 'The advice has not become obsolete. It was never needed more than now. There is no place where decay and loss of power so surely and swiftly follow upon moral timidity, or that want of intellectual poise which a noble self-respect ensures, as the pulpit. The preacher, as the herald of God, should be the humblest of men;

but that humility should inspire him with an unusual and sustained boldness when he speaks to his fellows, under the profound conviction that what he has to say the whole world, from prince to beggar, needs to hear and heed.'

This is the form of self-respect, we think, which the Roman Centurion had and which he expressed in the words, 'I also am a man under authority.' It was just because he was under authority that he could issue his orders and be obeyed. He himself had no authority; the orders were the Emperor's. Jesus greatly commended the Centurion for his words. They recognized in Him authority also, and just the authority which He claimed. He was sent. He carried the mandate of the Father. 'The words that I say unto you I speak not from myself: but the Father abiding in me doeth his works.' And just as He was sent by the Father, so are we sent by Him. Therefore our self-respect when we see that no man despises us is not a 'self-regarding virtue,' it is Christ-regarding and imperial.

#### SOME TOPICS.

##### Patriotism.

The Rev. Dr. Carter has written down some of his experiences with the men to whom he ministered in hospital. *The Gospel to War-Broken Men* is the pathetic title of the book (R.T.S.; 1s. net). This is one of his recollections: 'A lad of the Black Watch held my hand in a final good-bye. "God bless you," he said, "I'll think of you over there." "It is God's own kingdom," I replied. "I know," he said, "but oh, sir, *I wish I could have gone to it round by Scotland.*"'

##### Paradise scientific.

This is from the new edition of *The Coming Polity*, of which the authors are Mr. Victor Branford and Professor Patrick Geddes:

'There is an old and venerable Babylonian tradition, transmitted by Israel to the west, that man had once long ago a home and a garden given him to care for, which were the masterpiece of the divine Geotect, and to which all since planned are but what their kindred garden suburbs are to Paradise. The story tells how he and his wife lost home and situation together, and merely through yielding to what are our common modern desires, of things fair to the eye and sweet to the taste, with luxuries of "intellect and culture," as well. The story is thus plainly



and psychologically true. Its lesson is that the adjustment of our life and surroundings must be not merely geotechnic, much less merely neotechnic. It must also be spiritual; assuredly not merely intellectual: on that point the story is clear. Its emotional element must be not only large and impulsive, but also sincere, and therefore ring true in action.'

#### Clothed upon.

Dr. Kelman has some moving incidents to describe in his Yale Lectures. This is one: 'A young officer of my acquaintance was killed in France. Three days later his sister dreamed that she saw him sitting in a mess-room with his fellow-officers evidently in the highest of spirits. "Why, Dick," she said to him, "I thought you were dead." "Dead!" he shouted, tossing back his head with a hearty laugh. "No, we're not dead; we're only waiting for new uniforms."'

#### Helping.

The Comtesse de Franqueville, whose biography is noticed among the literature, had much experience in helping. She says:

'There are three lessons experience gives as to helping others; and the more your neighbours differ from yourself in their circumstances and ways, the more need there is to study and follow these rules—

"I. You *must* know your neighbours' tastes as well as sorrows, sins and wants. There is as much difference among individuals and classes as there is among nations. One man's meat is another man's poison, and *vice versa*. This is true in every possible application.

"II. You *must* respect their liberty and rights. Be patient under rebuffs, and blame yourself for stupidity or want of tact; it is a safe presumption.

"III. You *must* keep your eye on Christ and the individual. Numbers stun and confuse. Keep your eye on Christ and a man—not millions. Take the food from Him and give it, and it will, though you may not see it, feed a multitude."

#### Special Providences.

For the fundamental things of apologetic go to a scholarly Unitarian. For an exposition of the doctrine of God, for a defence of the theistic against the materialistic interpretation of the Uni-

verse, go to the Rev. Sydney Herbert Mellone, M.A., D.Sc. His *God and the World* (Lindsey Press; 2s. net) is most effective. Dr. Mellone has the calm courage of the scholar; he has the sure touch of the literary artist. And he is not content with generalities. Is he discussing the doctrine of Providence? he discusses also the belief in 'special providences.' And he accepts them. He says:

'There are those who believe that they can point to such events in their lives, though they were full of trouble or tragedy. In sorrow and suffering there is "a deeper voice across the storm"; a voice, still and small, yet stronger than the tumult of our grief, saying, "It is I—be not afraid." I will mention two expressions of this, which have reached me. One says: "This [the feeling of God's sustaining presence] only came to me after great trouble—very depths of trouble; and the realization of God which it brought seemed to make all the trouble worth while. But I cannot put it properly into words, and I do not like to try." Another: "My experience tells me that it is in and after sorrow of the most hopeless sort—as in the death of one we love—that God's relation to us is felt to be at once personal and fuller, richer and more comforting than any human personal relations can be." Many could bear witness to this, if they were willing or able to speak.'

#### The Venture for Sunshine.

The Rev. W. Y. Fullerton calls his new book *God's High Way* (Morgan & Scott); and also a book of 'old ideals and new impulses.' Of the 'old ideals' we may perhaps discover an example in the sermon on the words, 'Many are called, but few chosen,' where he tells us that 'the thought is not that some are accepted and that some are rejected, but that amongst those that are accepted only a few achieve renown. It is the idea of choiceness rather than of chosenness that underlies the words.' And of the 'new impulses' we may perhaps find a case at the end of the volume where he describes his first ascent of the Sparrenhorn in July 1881:

'On this first visit when I had barely begun to climb I was met by those who had started earlier. They had not got half-way and were coming back because the mists had descended and it was useless to go farther. They passed, and, reluctant to give

up my quest, I waited, sitting on the hillside under the mist.

'Two things came to remembrance. Below, I could yet see the smoke from the only house on the plateau apart from the hotel and the Swiss *chalêts*. It was the cottage of Professor Tyndall, who, in my native city, as President of the British Association, had made his challenge on prayer, when I was then in my teens. I thought of that, and then I recalled the covenanting story of Peden the prophet, how when he was pursued by his enemies he cried to God to cast the lap of His cloak over him, and the mist came down on the Scotch hillside, and hid him from his foes.

'Then, quite simply, I accepted the challenge of the unbeliever and of the believer, and asked God, Who has all power over the works of His own hand, graciously to lift the mist; and I went on. It was foolhardy if you please, presumptuous perhaps, and what happened may of course be described as coincidence. But there is always something more in the depths of the soul's experience that is not satisfied with such criticisms or explanations. There came a rift in the mist; I got to the top in safety, and in brilliant sunshine gazed on the wonderful panorama of peaks and glaciers. After ten minutes' ecstasy, prudence urged me to descend. The mist descended more quickly, but I got back in peace, the only one who happened that day to have the advantage of the sunshine.'

#### Professor Sayce.

Mr. J. T. Hackett, in *My Commonplace Book* (Fisher Unwin; 12s. 6d. net), gives a good reason for the existence of anthologies. 'The Blanco White sonnet,' he says, 'I could find *nowhere* except in collections of sonnets, which in my opinion are little read. It will be observed that in anthologies alone can Blanco White's one and only poem be kept alive.' He might have added other examples. He might have told us that we should have difficulty in finding Professor Sayce's poetry without anthologies. We might not have known that he was a poet. Mr. Hackett himself recovers for us two delightful satires from the old *Academy*, one on Haeckel's manner of finding 'matter, matter everywhere,' the other on Renan's way of finding Renan everywhere.

Mr. Hackett, however, refuses to call his book an anthology. It is simply a collection of the good

things which he came upon in his reading. Well, it is itself good reading, not to be read continuously, but to be taken up at odd moments and enjoyed. And Mr. Hackett's own notes are sometimes as good as the good things he has discovered. After telling us where he found the two poems by Professor Sayce which he quotes, he proceeds to tell us something of their author.

'Anything about Professor Sayce must be interesting to the reader, and I, therefore, need not apologize for mentioning the following incidents, which, I imagine, are known only among his friends. In 1870, during the Franco-German War, Mr. Sayce was ordered to be shot at Nantes as a German spy, and only escaped "by the skin of his teeth." It was just before Gambetta had flown in his balloon out of Paris, and there was no recognized government in the country. Nantes was full of fugitives, and bands of Uhlans were in the neighbourhood. Mr. Sayce was arrested when walking round the old citadel examining its walls—not realizing that it was occupied by French troops. Fortunately some ladies of the garrison came in during his examination to see the interesting young prisoner, and, after Mr. Sayce had been placed against the wall and a soldier told off to shoot him, they prevailed upon the Commandant to give him a second examination, which ended in his acquittal.

'Mr. Sayce was also among the Carlists in the Carlist War of 1873, and was present at some of the so-called battles, which, he says, were dangerous only to the onlookers. He also once had a pitched battle with Bedouins in Syria.

'Professor Sayce (he became Professor in 1876) has also the proud distinction of being the only person known to have survived the bite of the Egyptian cerastes asp, which is supposed to have killed Cleopatra. He accidentally trod on the reptile in the desert some three or four miles north of Assouan and was bitten in the leg. Luckily he happened to be just outside the dahabieh in which he was travelling with three Oxford friends, one of them the late Master of Balliol. The cook had a small pair of red-hot tongs, with which he had been preparing lunch, and Professor Sayce was able to burn the bitten leg down to the bone within two minutes after the accident, thus saving his life at the expense of a few weeks' lameness.'



## NEW POETRY.

## Cale Young Rice.

In the year 1906 Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton issued in this country a handsome volume (paper you gloat over) by a young American poet named Cale Young Rice. Its title was *Plays and Lyrics*. In his own land Mr. Rice is greatly appreciated: did the volume 'catch on' here? Perhaps it did, for now the same publishers have issued the same poet's works complete to date in two bulky but beautiful volumes. The title is *Collected Plays and Poems* (12s. net).

Of the Plays, which occupy much of the space, what can be said? What can be said of any man's plays these three hundred years? It seems so easy to write plays. Did not Wordsworth say that even he could have written plays, plays like Shakespeare's, if he had had the mind? It proves so difficult. If these plays were set beside other modern plays, they would, we believe, show up all right. And possibly they can be acted with effect. But—well, we hurry on to the Poems.

What a gift of rhyme and of rhythm Mr. Rice has. Listen to this:

When the wind is low, and the sea is soft,  
And the far heat-lightning plays  
On the rim of the West where dark clouds nest  
On a darker bank of haze;  
When I lean o'er the rail with you that I love  
And gaze to my heart's content;  
I know that the heavens are there above—  
But you are my firmament.

When the phosphor-stars are thrown from the  
bow  
And the watch climbs up the shroud;  
When the dim mast dips as the vessel slips  
Thro' the foam that seethes aloud;  
I know that the years of our life are few,  
And fain as a bird to flee,  
That time is as brief as a drop of dew—  
But you are Eternity.

You see there is no lack of technique. What he sees he can make others see, and even give great pleasure in doing it. What is wanting, then? If anything is wanting, it is the great purpose. It is the sense of a high calling. It is the joy of discovery in the deep things of God. Mr. Rice is not irreligious, nor is he indifferent. But he is not carried away by the vision and the glory.

Yet again, he comes near it. Here are two of the shortest of the poems:

## A SONG FOR HEALING.

(On the South Seas.)

When I return to the world again,  
The world of fret and fight,  
To grapple with godless things and men,  
And battle, wrong or right,  
I will remember this—the sea,  
And the white stars hanging high,  
And the vessel's bow  
Where calmly now  
I gaze to the boundless sky.

When I am deaf with the din of strife,  
And blind amid despair,  
When I am choked with the dust of life  
And long for free soul-air,  
I will recall this sound—the sea's  
And the wide horizon's hope,  
And the wind that blows  
And the phosphor snows  
That fall as the cleft waves ope.

When I am beaten—when I fall  
On the bed of black defeat,  
When I have hungered, and in gall  
Have got but shame to eat,  
I will remember this—the sea,  
And its tide as soft as sleep,  
And the clear night sky  
That heals for aye  
All who will trust its Deep.

## THE STRIVER.

When I struggle, with human hands,  
The hands of God betray me.  
When I cry, 'I will win or die!'  
His silences dismay me.  
Yet, when a victim, low I lie,  
His victor-wreaths array me.

For I have held but one defeat  
Final and faith-abjuring;  
Held—when strife at its worst was rife—  
But *this* thing past the curing:  
*Failure to see how surely life*  
*Grows great with great enduring.*

## William Watson.

Sir William Watson's new volume, *The Superhuman Antagonists* (Hodder & Stoughton; 6s. net), derives its name from the poem which occupies fully half its pages. For the machinery of that poem the author has gone to Persian mythology. Its topic is the ancient (and to some men and women still so awful) problem of the existence of



evil in the world. 'I have borrowed from that mythology its fundamental idea: the idea of a world ruled by two mutually hostile beings, Ormazd and Ahriman, the Good and the Evil Spirit: and I have brought into my story, with sufficient modification of their native attributes, three of the many divinities or demigods who in the Zend-Avesta are pictured as revolving about the central figure of Ormazd, the all-beneficent. That is the full account of my obligation.'

The metre is Homeric, not in the length of line or beat of syllable, but in its effect on the English ear. Thus:

Reverberant, vibrant, nor less broad and deep  
Than the sea's utterance round the cloven steep,  
Was his rich-billowing voice, each cadence grave  
Being like the lapse of a sonorous wave  
When it withdraws down a resounding shore.  
And after his last word, there hovered o'er  
That council a brief silence, tremulous  
As with expectancy, till Rashnu thus  
Put it to flight.

Of the shorter poems we take the liberty of quoting one. Its title is

#### BEHOLD!

O Thou that with a signal canst control  
All seas that roll;  
O Thou that with a whisper canst assuage  
All winds that rage:  
Behold how softer than the human breast  
The wild bird's nest!  
Behold how calmer than the world of men  
The wild beast's den!

Joyce Kilmer.

Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton are the publishers in this country of the prose and poetry of *Joyce Kilmer*, edited, with a Memoir, by Robert Cortes Holliday (2 vols., 12s. net). The prose volume contains essays, letters, and 'miscellaneous pieces'—chiefly two dramatic sketches, called 'Try a Tin To-day' and 'Some Mischief Still.' The essays are on 'Holy Ireland,' 'The Gentle Art of Christmas Giving,' 'A Bouquet for Jenny,' 'The Inefficient Library,' 'The Poetry of Hilaire Belloc,' and 'The Catholic Poets of Belgium.'

Mr. Kilmer was of Irish descent and a fervent Roman Catholic. He had his discipline. 'Dear Father Daly' (this is one of the letters)—'I do not like to burden my friends with my troubles, but you have certain opportunities that I lack, so I am asking you the greatest favour. Please pray for the healing of my little daughter Rose. She is dangerously ill with infantile paralysis. This is a disease that has appeared among mankind only

recently, and physicians are uncertain how to treat it. She is staying in New York with her mother to be near the doctor, and I am staying here nights to take care of my other child. Of course the maid is here during the day, so the house is kept up. But Rose cannot move her legs or arms—she was so active and happy only last week—she cannot even cry—her voice is just a little whimper—the danger is of its reaching her lungs and killing her. I cannot write any more. You know how I feel. Pray for her.'

The memoir is written with much enthusiasm. This is of one aspect of the essays: 'If Colonel Roosevelt had never done anything other than what he has done in writing, he would undoubtedly be highly esteemed as an American man of letters. And people have made very creditable reputation, as humorists who never wrote anything like as humorous essays as those of Joyce Kilmer. They fairly reek with the joy of life. They explode with intellectual robustness. They are fragrant in fancy, richly erudite in substance, touch-and-go in manner, poetic in feeling, rocking with mirth, and display an extraordinary *flair* for style.'

But we like the poetry most. Let us quote two short poems:

#### THANKSGIVING.

The roar of the world is in my ears.

Thank God for the roar of the world!

Thank God for the mighty tide of fears  
Against me always hurled.

Thank God for the bitter and ceaseless strife,  
And the sting of His chastening rod!

Thank God for the stress and the pain of life,  
And oh, thank God for God!

#### KINGS.

The Kings of the earth are men of might,  
And cities are burned for their delight,  
And the skies rain death in the silent night,  
And the hills belch death all day!

But the King of Heaven, Who made them all,  
Is fair and gentle, and very small;  
He lies in the straw, by the oxen's stall—  
Let them think of Him to-day!

R. C. Trevelyan.

This short poem on Clouds is a good example of Mr. Trevelyan's thought and manner:

I sit upon the hill and watch the great clouds  
drifting by.

Each of them takes a form and gesture as  
though it were a living thing,

With a life nobler and more gigantic than ours.  
Their shapes change, imperceptibly flowing from  
form to form,



With each form a new mood,  
 With each mood a new remorseful envy.  
 Their passion and grandeur make me ashamed  
 of Man's littleness.  
 long to forget it for ever,  
 and share in that life of measureless form and  
 energy.  
 But alas, there is no road thither.

It is not a robust faith; it is not a cheerful  
 optimism. Is it not our duty as well as our  
 pleasure to be of a cheerful countenance and to  
 trust? The title is *The Death of Man* (Allen &  
 Unwin; 3s. 6d. net).

Arthur Waley.

Mr. Arthur Waley has published *More Trans-  
 lations from the Chinese* (Allen & Unwin; 3s. net).  
 There is also in the book a translation of some  
 prose tales—very well worth reading for their own  
 intrinsic interest. The poetry is simple and  
 primitive.

Since I lay ill, how long has passed?  
 Almost a hundred heavy-hanging days.  
 The maids have learnt to gather my medicine-  
 herbs;  
 The dog no longer barks when the doctor  
 comes.  
 The jars in my cellar are plastered deep with  
 mould;  
 My singers' carpets are half crumbled to dust.  
 How can I bear, when the Earth renews her  
 light,  
 To watch from a pillow the beauty of Spring  
 unfold?

Helen and Bernard Bosanquet.

*Zoar: A Book of Verse*, by Helen and Bernard  
 Bosanquet—that is the title (Blackwell; 3s. 6d.  
 net). Bernard Bosanquet's portion is translation  
 from Goethe. Take this from 'Hermann and  
 Dorothea,' as example:

The gifts we longed and prayed for  
 The great gods send them down,  
 They send perhaps a martyrdom  
 When we desired a crown;

But though our wishes painted them  
 In fraudulent disguise,  
 The gifts we longed and prayed for  
 Are here before our eyes.

The original poems are by Helen Bosanquet.  
 There is in them all a sense of ministry as well as  
 of poetry. The words quoted above the following  
 sonnet are 'Mediums are said to be doing a good  
 business':

'Have we not earned our rest?' Oh, hear them  
 plead  
 Whom Death has drawn across the dividing line.

You should have kept their memory as a  
 shrine,  
 A holy place, where he who runs might read  
 The lovely record of a noble deed;  
 Nor sought, with restless craving for a sign,  
 By vulgar aid to break the peace divine  
 Which gathers round the kingdom of the freed.

Were there indeed no barrier that could save  
 Their spirits from the importunity  
 Which looks to necromancy for a proof  
 The dead will talk with us, nor hold aloof,  
 Far better were the silence of the grave  
 Than life entangled in futility.

Walter Wingate.

*Poems*, by Walter Wingate (Gowans & Gray;  
 3s. 6d. net), are some in English and some in  
 Scots. One of each dialect could be quoted with  
 effect, but the tongue that is most natural to the  
 poet shall have the preference:

#### THE EVENING SERVICE.

The win' was lowsed as the sun gaed hame,  
 It roared in the vennel, it rived at the roof;  
 And the bell in the steeple swang, swang,  
 Cryin' the folk to come.  
 The bell in the steeple swang, swang,  
 But the folk grew fain o' their ain fireside,  
 When the blirts o' the rain played skite on the  
 pane,  
 And the win' played wow in the lum.

Intil the kirk it was lown and quate,  
 An elder here and an auld wife there;  
 Wi' a dizzen or twa in the backmaist raw,  
 And a lassock to sing in the choir.  
 A lassock or two that were blate and mim,  
 In a kirk sae big, and cauld and toom;  
 The openin' psaum maist dee'd in a dwaum,  
 Pluft oot like an ill-blawn fire.

And I thoct as I sat and countit them a',  
 Wi' my breekws wat through at the knee—  
 'When the Shepherd comes here His sheep to  
 ca',  
 Will *thae* be a' He will see?'

A. Kirchberger.

*Day-Springs* is 'a Book of Verse and Prose' by  
 A. Kirchberger (Bell & Sons). Half the book is  
 occupied with a Play—a Play of Nature and God  
 and Love and Little Children, very charming.  
 The prose consists of short essays on Heather, the



Sphinx and the Mona Lisa, the Sleeping Lake, and the Memory of a Vision—every essay well-chosen words married to wholesome thoughts. The verse is true poetry—all the little that there is of it. Once it is a poem of intimacy with the God of love and rest; and once it is perplexity:

Do you remember how they fell,  
Great God—in the whistling, blinding hell  
Of fury? Nay, but I will pray  
You did not see.

And now they speak of victory,  
I'm glad—but when they shout  
I think of how we shouted as the knife went in,  
And then somehow—forgive me—but I doubt  
Of God—and bloodshed and unspoken sin  
Seems quite the simplest thing.  
I don't think I could sing  
Of Victory, just yet.

No matter! They do it well  
The men of many words,  
Writers and politicians, they who sell  
Our lives; the little singing birds,  
And the paroquet—the press.

I've seen men, dying, bless  
God for their death—  
I've heard them with slow-drawn breath  
In agony curse him for life,  
And with them I have blest and cursed  
Until belief and unbelief are nursed  
Alike in me—and God is fled,  
Perchance to gather up the dead  
From the ocean and the land.

The enemy is beaten—I am glad. And yet—  
I watched him die, and saw the life squeezed out  
Of eyes and throat—you understand  
—As yet—as yet I cannot shout.

Edward Wyndham Tennant.

'We all loved him, and his loss is terrible. Please accept my deepest sympathy. His Company was holding a sap occupied by Germans and ourselves, a block separated the two. Bim was sniping when he was killed absolutely instantaneously by a German sniper. His body is buried in a cemetery near Guillemont. The grave is close to that of Raymond Asquith, and we are placing a Cross upon it and railing it round to-day. Forgive this scribble, we are still in action, and attack again to-morrow morning. Bim was such a gallant boy.'

That was the word sent by Lt.-Col. Seymour of the 4th Batt. Grenadier Guards to Lady Pamela Glenconner announcing the death of her eldest son. Lady Glenconner has written his biography.

*Edward William Tennant: A Memoir*—that is the title (John Lane; 21s. net).

It is a surprise of biography, and it is a surprise of boyhood. Lady Glenconner has kept back nothing; everything is of love and courage and truth, from earliest childhood till that day Col. Seymour writes of. 'When things were at their worst he would pass up and down the trench cheering the men, and it was a treat to see his face always smiling. *When danger was greatest his smile was loveliest.*' That is from a private soldier. 'To say why we loved him is difficult; it was chiefly because he was so absolutely himself, and how lovable that self was is difficult to express. His actions were entirely unselfconscious, and often beautiful. Bim always went straight to the heart of things, and people.' That is from the letter of a friend.

His love for his mother was wonderful. We know the poem he wrote about her when he was a mere child (it has already been quoted in THE EXPOSITORY TIMES). From school when eleven he wrote: 'Some one said here to-day that they had seen something in a magazine about your being the loveliest lady in England. I felt jubilant indeed! Then some one told me they had heard it said that Daddy was one of the best shots in England, that made me feel happy too. Then somebody—I suppose in fun—asked me if you went in for the "Throne" beauty prizes. That made me laugh. To think of the silly women who do go in for them, when if you appeared they would say, "Here cometh one the latchet of whose shoe we are unworthy to unloose." I am very proud of you, darling Mummie.'

His poems are included in this volume. We shall be content to quote one of the shortest:

A finer heritage than house and lands

Is mine: for on the canvas hanging there  
More love is centred and instilled more care  
Than in broad acres. He who understands  
What deep-laid passions ebb'd through brush  
and hands

Of these brocaded masters, long since dead  
(Their souls are with us yet, tho' life has fled),  
Let him who feels the magic of their wands  
Thank God afresh, and let him sit and gaze,  
Trying to stir within his troubled mind  
The splendour of those oft-depicted days.

With what romance is every portrait lined!  
Each sweeping stroke a softly-flowing phrase,  
That word by word its story doth unwind.

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